National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 12. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857. WHOLE NO. 896.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York*,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia*.

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

Selections.

SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.

From The Methodist Quarterly Magazine for July.

THE DISCIPLINE AS IT IS, AND SLAVERY.

In our April number we were led, by the able and eloquent article by Dr. Stevens upon slavery, to affirm the platform upon which, in regard to this subject, our Quarterly stands. The subject of changes in the Discipline, being a point of difference between different sections of the Church, we prefer to leave to the columns of our sectional papers. It is well known some sections adopt the favourite motto, "the Discipline as it is"; others, more ultra-conserv ative, perhaps, advocate *the Discipline as it was*. They would restore that brief but golden period when the Church conceded no place to slavery. That to that consummation we may ultimately come, we trust is the united expectation, hope and prayer of nearly all. That freedom, both in principles and practice, will extend its area beyond our present Southern border, and, at no distant period, relieve the arduous task of those who may be firmly maintaining our outposts, we confidently trust. That the cause of righteousness must win the battle in Church and in State, we no more doubt than that we stand on American soil, and live in the light of the nineteenth century. But while we leave the discussion of sectional opinions to our sectional organs, we place ourselves upon the Discipline as an anti-slavery organ of an anti-slavery Church.*

That we are an anti-slavery Church, was one of the points placed beyond all doubt by the unanimous profession of our last General Conference. North and South, from border to centre, it was perfectly agreed, nay, earnestly asserted, that one and all were anti-slavery. Of the intensity of that anti-slaveryism, if not of its future policy, it was a clear indication that, in spite of constitutional scruples, which lessened the vote, a clear majority of thirty decided for excluding slaveholders from the Church. The order given for the untrammelled issue of anti-slavery tracts from our Book Rooms, settled forever the point that John Wesley's voice was not to be smothered in the house of his friends. The manning of the editorial posts with men of clear anti-slavery antecedents tolled the knell of the reign of old Silence. In the general, from every post we have heard a clear and unequivocal report. St. Louis has bravely responded to Chicago; and Boston has had no faint echo from Cincinnati and Pittsburg. The pages of our last and present Quarterly prove that New York may perhaps be able to roll a metropolitan peal loudest and clearest of all. The present attitude of things is most cheering. Surely, our Church is dispersing the delusive shadows that dimmed her, discarding the sophisms that deluded her, repudiating the false leaderships that misguided her, and will come forth in her purity and her bravery; and as she has a record on the subject more bright than any other Church, and a fundamental declaration more unequivocal, so she will take her stand at the head of all her Protestant sisters, and lead the march of freedom, faith and victory.

Let us take up that big little book, the Methodist Discipline. We have a holy pride in it. We bless God for it. It is the child of a wonderful and blessed providence. Now this book has a fundamental rule which, at any rate, forbids slave-trading, and morally condemns the *intention to enslave*. It has also an entire chapter on the subject of the extirpation of slavery. Here we stop and draw a few incontrovertible inferences as to what, on this subject, is or is not Methodism. And when we say Methodism, we mean not of course the German silver Methodism of the South, the genuineness of whose metal is recognised by no Methodist body on earth, and in whose pulpits John Wesley would not be allowed to preach his Evangel of Freedom. We mean the Methodism of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which stands read, known and acknowledged by all men; which has a past history in which we glory, and a future in which we trust; and which, when her sons unite firmly upon the platform the fathers have left, will yet win laurels of freedom not merely from the world, but from our Divine Master at his coming and kingdom.

1. It is not Methodism to affirm that slavery is a political matter with which the Church and pulpit have nothing to do. Such a doctrine can, indeed, be shown, from various reasons, to be false and cowardly. Is the minister to take limitations of his commission from the politician, or from Jesus Christ? Shall a demagogue governor or a partisan editor prescribe to me, as a minister, the topics I may touch? Shall a political party assume what ground it pleases and thereby exclude the Church from any of the most momentous positions? Is the Church subordinate to the caucus, and the pulpit the pupil of the newspaper? The ministry has not been silent upon rumselling, although a political party has made temperance its platform. It has never ceased to oppose popery, though anti-popery is agitated at the ballot-box. Nor will the Church be silent in regard to polygamy when Mormonism becomes a question of State policy. What an abdication of our ministerial duty it is to decline denouncing the great crime of our age and country on the pretense that it is political! But, at any rate, the Methodist minister who adopts this pretense is unmethodistical. Will any Methodist minister dare say the Methodist Discipline, with its fundamental rule and its full chapter on slavery, is a political book? To do so would be inveighing against the doctrines and discipline of the Church. If it be not a political book, then, slavery is a moral topic, a topic belonging to the Church, within the limits of pulpit discussion and ecclesiastical action. It is and it has been the doctrine of our Church, from its foundation to the present hour, that slavery is a matter with which she and her ministers are bound to deal; and he who denies it, on the ground of its political character, is on the platform of the Church, South.

2. It is anti-Methodist to affirm that we of the North have nothing to do with Southern slavery. It is not uncommon for some Southern sprig to be seen North, some sub-overseer, perhaps, aping the true "plantation manner," impudently telling us that the North has no right to touch the subject. Doubtless, this insolent bravado will be repeated from the same sources so long as there are Northerners imbecile enough to listen to it with gratuitous servility. For ourselves, it delights us to comb down these stray underlings from the rice swamp, whose proprietors evidently do not know they are abroad. Strange that we have no business to discuss slavery, when every square foot of these free States is a legal hunting-ground for the slave-chaser, and every man of us is by law an *ex-officio* slave-catcher! Up to the boundary of our free States the negro-hunter chases his panting and bleeding human victim with dog and gun; but when he crosses the boundary, he abandons his four-legged hounds for human hounds of two. By law of Congress, signed by President Fillmore, *we* are his hounds; the ex-President himself included.* *Our* only business, forsooth, is to be good faithful negro-catchers, and to shut our mouths. Should a general Southern slave rebellion take place, the North is bound to send her armies to reduce the bondsmen to submission. It is Northern power, in fact, that holds the slave in awe and the system in existence. We are, in reality, the *slaveholders* while they are the *slave-owners*. And who does not know, even of these deniers of our right to touch the subject, how by fillibustering *southward*, by border ruffianism *westward*, and by a great Judicial Lie, almost big enough to cover the continent, nullify the Constitution, and dehumanize a race, at the *centre*, slavery is making a most audacious push for supremacy over every square inch and every living soul of us in this great nation? The very retort so often made, that Northern men and Northern capital are involved in the maintenance of the system, proves that the *responsibility*, and, therefore, the duty and *the right, of reformatory speech and action* are not limited by State lines, but are common to North and South. And when we think how willing Northern complicity has been, and how servilely the very worst pro-slavery measures have been sustained by Northern votes, given by Congressmen elected by Northern votes, we do not thank the varlet who tells us we have nothing to do with the subject. But when a Northerner, and he a Methodist, and a Methodist preacher especially, holds this language, we put the Discipline before his eyes, and tell him that our free Northern Church *makes* the matter her business. We respectfully and affectionately remind him that he is off the old conservative platform of our venerable Methodism. If such be his unchangeable sentiments, the Discipline of our mother Church kindly commends him to take up his repose in the more congenial bosom of her dusky sister of the South.

3. Opening the Discipline, we find a solemn question put, which in its very terms does not condescend to assert, but coolly assumes, that a fundamental object of the existence of our Church is, *the extirpation of slavery*. Now, it would be unworthy the dignity of our beloved Church to suppose that she would hair-split a distinction between *extirpation* and abolition. We beseech all venerable damsels, of both sexes, not to be frightened at mere words. John Wesley, Wm. Wilberforce, Francis Asbury, and Dr. Coke were *Abolitionists*, and would not have dreamed of shrinking from the *name*. Nor are we willing on account of the violences of irreligious and disorganising ultraists, to surrender to dishonour a name consecrated by such illustrious applications. Nor are we clearly informed of any intrinsic difference between the ancient abolitionism and our true "*modern abolitionism*"; both being the same as the *extirpationism* of our Discipline. When, therefore, we hear Methodists denouncing *abolitionism*, and using the term as a slur name, we hesitate not to take the Discipline and unchurch them. *Pro tanto*, they are not Methodists. They deny their faith. They abjure their venerable mother. Nay, when a whole Conference proceeds to lead her young candidates up to the altar and there oblige them to pledge, as a condition to holy orders, that they will have nothing to do with "modern abolitionism," we would like to see some competent authority take a Discipline and read that Conference out of pro-slaveryism into Methodism. Our hearts are saddened at one of the most questionable procedures ever prosecuted in any Northern Protestant American Church. We would be glad to bury it in forgetfulness; but the most unsilenceable blabber of uncomfortable truths, Harriet Beecher Stowe, has, in the Appendix to her "Dred," proclaimed it to the world. We would hope that if the Conference record of these transactions cannot be expunged or girt with mourning lines, some darkness or shadow of death may be found to hide them. We rejoice that if we cannot quite erase this blemish from the escutcheon of single Conferences, we can take our big little book, and clear the honour of our beloved Church by pronouncing these proceedings to be undisciplinary, unconstitutional, unWesleyan and unMethodistical.

4. With the same open Discipline in our hand, we understand not the orthodoxy of a Methodist minister's striking the sin of slavery from his circle of pulpit topics. If that Discipline does not permit that topic to be banished, either as a political, a sectional or an abolition matter, on what grounds does any minister seal his own lips in silence? Is not slavery a *present* sin, here, on this very spot? Is the dehumanizing near four millions of human souls too *small* a sin to be noticed? *Is there any other sin upon which our Discipline expends one fundamental rule and one entire chapter?* Why not blot an article from one of our twenty-five? What worse is a theological than a moral heresy? We ask not now how such a ministering brother can answer at the judgment seat of Christ; or how his omission is reconcilable with Christianity or his solemn profession of holiness; we ask how he can answer to his ordination vows, and how he can make it consistent with his Discipline and his Methodism?

5. Nor do we see how our Disciplinary logic can quite spare an unMethodistical Church. If there be Churches within our limits which require their pastor to be silent in deference to the Slave Power—Churches that say, "We do not see the great evil of slavery, and we will not allow its evil to be shown"; who insist that they have a nice peaceable communion, and their quiet is too sweet to be disturbed upon this agitating subject; with all tenderness for the Christian prudence, we wonder what they are to do with their Discipline? It seems strange that the entire of Methodism cannot be preached in a Methodist Church. If, upon the sin of slavery, John Wesley's own doctrine cannot be preached in any pulpit, we doubt whether John Wesley himself would preach in it. And if John Wesley could not be allowed to preach the Methodism of the Methodist Discipline in any of our pulpits, many will take the liberty to think and say that the Methodism of such pulpits has upon this point a marvellous German silver ring to it.

6. And with our "Discipline as it is," we do not quite see the Methodistical propriety of admitting slaveholding ministers (or even, perhaps, the ministers of a pro-slavery Church) into our pulpits. These men, alas! are guilty of the great evil of slavery. Under our Discipline, they could not be ordained. They are rejected on *moral* grounds. How, then, can we admit to our pulpits men unsuitable to be admitted to our ministry? The very ground on which our separation from the Church, South, took place was, our solemn, conscientious refusal to accept a ministry ordained by slaveholding hands. What consistency, then, in accepting a ministry in detail which we rejected in mass?

7. Nor do we see what Disciplinary discretion is allowed to any authorized organ of the doctrines of our Church, whether pulpit or periodical, to maintain a policy of silence upon this subject. In a single instance (and in but one to our knowledge), the query has been raised, On what grounds does the "Quarterly Review" claim to be an anti-slavery organ of an anti-slavery Church? Our answer falls into a most conclusive syllogism. Our Quarterly is an organ of our *entire Doctrines and Discipline*; anti-slaveryism is included in our *entire Doc. and Dis.*; Ergo, our Quarterly is etc., Q. E. D. No Methodist man or body can ask any one of our organs to be silent or withhold the freest, fullest effort toward "*the extirpation of slavery*," without contradicting our Discipline. No section of our Church has any right to assume to hold a check-rein of silence on this subject upon the rest of the Church. We desire the union of the Church. Our earnest wish is, that our inevitable moral advance as a Church should be in solid phalanx; but that phalanx cannot afford to be retarded by one file refusing to move, and pronouncing *Halt*, to all the rest. Our prayer is, that such movement should be taken as our Church can take as a unit. We could desire that our anti-slaveryism should be as extended, as common, and as decisive as our Discipline. But if any power or section assume to checkmate all movement, and presumes to re-pronounce the old dictation of SILENCE, we will tell them they are off the platform of Methodism, and that the day of that dynasty over Methodism is past—forever past.

Let our beloved Church then take herself at her own word. Let her become conscious of her own clear meaning. Let her beware of a stupendous insincerity or a permanent falsification of her professsons before the world, and, above all, before a heart-searching God. Let her not bespot her *testimony for* HOLINESS with a *plea for* SIN. O, let her skirts be clean and her garments white, as becometh the bride of the Lamb. So shall her righteousness go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth.

* At no time has our subscription list risen so rapidly as since this announcement in our April number. Seventy-five additional names have been received in a single week; a clear index in what direction the free heart of the Church is tending.

FROM THE BORDER—MR. LONG'S BOOK.

Correspondence of Zion's Herald.

DR. HAVEN: Our acquaintance, made in other days, and the reading of the late number of the *Herald* containing a letter from an Old Border Conference Preacher, together with the large extracts from the book of Mr. Long, of which the letter speaks, emboldens me to give you a letter from the quarter which forms the locale of the book itself.

What is known as the Eastern Shore of Maryland has been galvanized into unusual signs of life within a few days. Rev. Mr. Long's battery and caustic have waked up the peninsula, and it is throwing off its lymphatic coma, and putting on nervous symptoms. This is especially true of Frederick Douglass's old *play-grounds* while a slave, Bayside, Talbot Co., Md. The village of St. Michael's, the late residence of the author of the "Pictures," seems to have become the centre of these outflowing activities and supervening symptoms.

It has been but a fortnight since the book was announced in Philadelphia as ready for sale, as we learn, and yet not a few of the people in his own neighbourhood are in possession of the book, or its contents, as retailed by some reading neighbour.

Its reading on this soil will, however, be circumscribed, we think, because of the ultra-opposition here met with to the liberal sentiments of the book on the subject of *human* or *chattel* freedom; as also because, paradoxical as it may sound—because it is a *home* book. Indeed, you need feel no surprise when we tell you that until we came to learn new facts, we were not certain as to whether this production could ever get before the people, and be heard of in the quarter from which the material forming it has emanated. We say this as having been our impression, from some knowledge of both the press and the people on the peninsula. Let us give you two items, which will suggest just the class of facts upon which we had made up our opinions, or impressions rather, and which only corroborated what a thousand times met us in one form or other on the eastern shore of Maryland.

Of the people, and the "code silential," as we choose to call it, take, as illustrating it, the following. Your friend, the writer, was questioner in the case. Does the slavery question in the Church, or the State, in your neighbourhood occasion discussion, either public or private? "No," was the reply of the Methodist lawyer, of high standing as to Christian character and social position in his community. "No! It has become the habit of the leading men in the community to ignore slavery as a subject of conversation, discussion or remark; they affect not to notice it directly or indirectly. And this," said he, "we have learned, as the '*more excellent way*,' from the example of our ministers down there." There was a bitter irony in his words, and I thought I could detect in his manner a scornful pity for the men as he added, "the preachers have found the padlock on the pulpit a very useful invention with us." I suppose he did not intend to say that the padlock kept the gospel out of the pulpit altogether—that the ministry never instructed them at all in the duty of *slaves* to their *masters*—nor that they were never warned by them against the *abolitionism* which dared to intimate that *master and slave was not always as innocent a relation, per se, as that of husband and wife, parent and child.*

Another code, and we believe in our country it is peculiar to slave latitudes, may be called the "*code suppressive.*" We may best suggest it by the following terrible occurrence, which *may yet be news*, yet is to the very letter true, nevertheless:

After a regular stampede of slaves had occurred at Chestertown, Kent Co., Md., last Fall, in order to prevent others escaping under the guidance of *the humane North Star*, patrols were placed at the northern end of the County, for the purpose of guarding all the routes in that direction. Two were stationed at the head of Sassafras, a village on the northern line of the County, and within a few miles of the State of Delaware. A stalwart coloured man, carrying what is known as a briar sickle, was seen coming boldly up from the direction of Massey's, or Georgetown Cross-Roads, and wearing a confident and secure look, as though he belonged to *himself*, or to *some other good master* in the vicinity.

He kept the middle of the highway, and, as he walked along, kept swinging the sickle in his hand, when one of the patrols, armed with a pistol, accosted and began to question him. His answers proving unsatisfactory, he came nearer to arrest him; when, in an instant after he came within the sweep of the fugitive's arm, the headless body of the patrol was quivering in death on the highway.

One stroke of that hand, armed with that terrible weapon, had decapitated him; one leap and he was over the fence into the adjoining corn-field, and the fugitive was seen no more. Did the press give this tragedy to the public? O dear, no! What good could it do? And might not its reading aloud by some white man be overheard, and such an example be whispered abroad among the slaves, and thus become an example powerfully provocative to others to make the attempt for freedom likewise? We will not say that the same agency was operative to silence the press which attempted to prevent all public worship of God among slaves and free coloured people in the County, in consequence of the stampedes above alluded to; and which, as we learn, was resisted by *one Methodist preacher*, who was, at the time, pastor of such of them as belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church in a specific locality; but we very much doubt whether the facts just narrated appeared in any paper on the eastern shore of Maryland. And the *power* which could prevent the appearing of this little, yet touching, episode in the history of that community may be potential enough to prevent the press from noticing the "Pictures of Slavery," even should it desire to do so, which with us is very questionable.

Such as these items teach seems the rule of action which governs that community. May we not hope that this indicates to you, in a sufficiently plain manner, what we mean by the "code suppressive."

The operative force of these codes is such, when exerted, as to have created the impression on our mind that neither Mr. Long nor his book might possibly be heard of, but to a very limited extent; and, save when they wish to curse "a traitor," as we hear him already called, or vent ill-natured criticisms, both may be speedily oblivionized on the field of his eighteen years' itinerant battles and victories. We confess, however, that the excitement now to be witnessed in St. Michael's, and the symptoms occurring where we have heard of this book as having found its way, have modified our impressions somewhat, touching either the strength or the watchfulness of that *power*—a power which may be denominated the administration of the two codes, under the regime of which the peninsula have for some years past been living; proving themselves, and especially many of our good Methodists, very obedient subjects. In reference to the Church, and the sentiment of the Church on the subject of slavery, together with other pen-and-ink sketches of life on the slave border, we propose to give them in future letters, should our stay in our present locality furnish us the time to write them down for your readers. As to their authenticity in facts, figures, and propable truth, enough of local incidents, as in this, will pervade them to prove to all who are familiar with slavery on the peninsula, and in the Methodist Episcopal Church, that these letters are from one who, with deference to the *Herald* and its readers, signs himself

BORDER.

DR. HAVEN: Since my last to the *Herald*, the anniversary of our Independence Day has come and gone. In the Free States it has doubtless fulfilled the prediction of the patriot of New England, who, in the future, beheld it as a day of booming cannon and general rejoicing.

But in a Slave State when one listens to catch the music of the great accordant harmony which a nation exultantly rolls over our mighty domain, something in the atmosphere or the circumstances about him flings back its echoes, and they die away almost like voices of mockery on the listening ear.

Recently occurring facts made us seem to hear mingling with its "soundings" many strange and discordant utterances. With its jubilant peal methought I heard noises as of the crack of whips and the clank of chains—noises as of the shame-choked sigh of expiring virtue in many a dusky bosom, which dared not resist the demands of bestial lust; sobs, too, as of voices which asked for husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, who a year ago were in the State of Maryland, but are now gone—gone from the cradle and quarter, from the corn-field and the cabin; aye, and gone, too, since last Independence Day, from the Methodist Church and the Methodist class-meeting.

Yet those questioning voices ask not of *death* for the departed! No! no! A spirit to many a poor slave more dreadful than death, and far more ruthless—insatiable and aggressive too as the grave—has borne them hence. Had they *but died*, that wife! yon mother! would stand in the unenclosed patch of the farm, where, in that case, they would be sleeping, and say of the grave containing their emancipated dust, as she pointed to each rude hillock, "*There* the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. There they hear not the voice of the *oppressor*, and the *slave* is FREE—free from his *master*."

Say, then, poor bereaved slave wife! slave mother! say those words, *if ye are so blest* as to have their graves to point at! God, methinks, seems to have had them written for thee. From no lips on God's footstool will they fall half so touchingly, so eloquently as from thine! Sentiment, imagination all, surely, in regard to this "land of the free and the home of the brave!" Well, we will see. Nor need we look far back nor far distant from the place of this present writing for a sadder scene and a more direful illustration of the spirit of slavery than our imagination can well invent. "Truth is strange, stranger than fiction." Here is a single incident full enough of sorrow to "fill the whole course of mighty tragedies."

A coloured man, of very considerable respectability for one living in a slaveholding community, was, a few days ago, in Cambridge, Dorchester County, Md., sentenced to *ten years* in the State Penitentiary. His name was Samuel Green. What was his crime? He was indicted, tried and convicted for having "incendiary publications."

When the officers of law had their attention directed to poor Green's house as one containing evidence of complicity with Abolitionists, and when a search was instituted, they found a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in his possession. It was not proved that he read it to any other coloured people in the neighbourhood; indeed, we do not know that he could read himself; yet for *having that book*, he was torn from his family and consigned for ten years to prison!

Merciful God! Is this the spirit of the laws of a Christian State? Yes, thus it is where slavery is mild and gentle! where the fangs of the tiger are drawn, and the claws clipped so short that some of our preachers see nothing but beauty and feel nothing but velvet, when they talk of slavery as it exists within the territorial limits of the Philadelphia Conference.

No more terrible truth, alike the fiend antagonist of true civilization and the Christian religion, in living impersonation, can be asserted of slaveholding communities than this: That where their laws do not utterly ignore the idea of justice, they confound all distinctions which Nature, Heaven and Humanity assert as inherent in conduct or pertaining to character.

Crimes, when committed by the individual, may have apologies offered for them, but none can be offered for a community in which imposing forms of public justice are made the instruments of a mean and diabolical revenge.

Scarce has this transaction, illustrative of American *slavery*, occurred, before we read a communication in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*, New York, from "J. H. B., near Cambridge, Md.," in which the dear brother asserts it as his belief, after being under the teaching of anti slavery organs, of an anti-slavery Church, based upon an anti-slavery Discipline as it is" for many years, "*that the General Rule applies only to the foreign African slave trade*"; and that "*neither the Bible nor the Methodist Discipline forbids slaveholding.*"

O how blinding is this sin of slavery! Were the tyrants of any European or Asiatic government thus to punish a human being—were the meanest of them all, King Bomba, to evince, either in the laws or administration of his kingdom, an equal malice, and an equal abnegation of humanity, with that of this Court, administering the laws of *an American, Christian State*, what would my friends in Maryland think of the matter? The walls of Baltimore City would be placarded, ad libitum, calling its humane and freedom-loving citizens to meet in their large Mechanics' Hall over the market, for the purpose of expressing indignation at such an outrage upon our common nature. Will they not, as it is, call some such meeting, if not for the above purpose, at least to seek the abrogation of such a terrible law as has consigned, for no moral offence, poor Samuel Green to the State Prison for ten years; or at least let humanity prompt such a meeting for the purpose of obtaining signatures to a petition for his pardon? Will not Christian citizens of Maryland originate and sign such petitions? We shall see. Though, if their sentiments be akin to those of the gentleman just referred to, "near Cambridge, Md.," we fear but slight success from this quarter, as he seems to believe that "neither the Bible nor the Discipline forbids" consigning, from their birth, to chattel slavery, not for ten years, but *for a whole life*, persons guilty of no offence, unless they be supposed to have committed it in their mother's womb or in some preëxistent state.

BORDER.

PENNSYLVANIA UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT OF THE COMPANY'S OPERATIONS—EXPERIENCES OF FUGITIVE SLAVES—THEIR REASONS FOR GOING TO CANADA.

[Continued.]

From The Chatham (C. W.) Freeman (Fugitive Slave Organ), July 11. JUNE, 1857.

No. 36. Jackson Turner—In the *Daily Express*, published at Petersburg, Va., June 9th, I find that public attention is called to Jackson, on this wise; HENCE allow me to copy it for the benefit of your readers.

"RUNAWAY—FIFTY DOLLARS REWARD.—Ran away, some time in May last, my *servant man*, who calls himself *Jackson Turner*. He is about 27 years of age, and has one of his front teeth out. He is quite black, with thick lips, a little bow-legged, and looks down when spoken to. I will give a reward of fifty dollars if taken out of the city, and twenty-five dollars if taken within the city. I forewarn all masters of vessels from harbouring or employing the said slave; all persons who disregard this notice will be punished as the law directs. ANN COLLEY.

"Petersburg, June 8th, 1857."

I beg most respectfully to inform Mrs. Colley that she was considerably behind time with her "Reward," as her "servant" must have received his cordial welcome in Canada ere her ladyship was aware that he ever dreamed of such a country. But that the madam and the public may be informed of the motives which induced him to forsake all, I will narrate a few facts, as he gave them to me: He said he "had been hard pressed." He was hired out at "ten dollars per month," *every* cent of which he was obliged to produce at the end of each month, "no matter how much" he had to forego "for doctors' bills," &c. His mistress was a "member of the Methodist Church, though very quarrelsome and hard to please." Seeing that "she was growing harder and harder" yearly, Jackson concluded he would "try and better his condition, if possible." Hence, "where there is a will there is a way," thought he; so, after encountering a few serious obstacles, his liberty was most satisfactorily achieved. And, with great joy, a free soul and high hopes, having gained his wife, whom he had been separated from, his expressions of gratitude to God, his wife and the Underground Railroad were unbounded. I suppose Madam Colley will consider her loss not less than $1,500.

No. 37. Wm. Henry Moody—William is about 20 years of age, quite black, medium size, and quite a lover of liberty. The man who habitually robbed him of his hire was a stout-built, ill-natured man, a farmer, by the name of Wm. Hyson. To meet the expenses of an exclusive building enterprise which he was carrying on, it was apparent he would have to sell some of his property. William and some six others of the servants got wind of the fact that they would stand a chance of being in the market soon. Not relishing the idea of going further South, they unitedly resolved to emigrate to Canada; accordingly they borrowed a "horse from Dr. Weis, and another from H. K. Tice, and a carriage from F. J. Posey and Joseph P. Mong's buggy" (so it is stated in the Baltimore *Sun* of May 27th), and off they started for the promised land. The horses and carriages were all captured in a day or two hence, but the rest of the property hurried on to Canada. It will hardly be worth while, therefore, for their "indulgent master" to give himself any further trouble and perplexity about them. The ungrateful creatures did n't know how to appreciate his care and kindness.

Nos. 38, 39, 40. Belinda Bivans—Belinda is a large woman, 30 years of age, quite black, and fled from Mr. Hyson, in company with William, and those referred to above, with the idea of going to Canada, to be free, and of meeting her father, who had fled eight years previous; of being out of the power of a severe master and an *ill-natured mistress*; of shunning *poor fare* and hard work on the farm. Her countenance and language gave evidence of great pleasure. She had been married, but her husband was dead. She had two little girls, both of whom she succeeded in getting away with her. Her master and mistress were connected with the German Reform Church. "Money was his church." Her "*mistress would go and take the sacrament and come back and the old boy would be in her as big as a horse.*"

Nos. 41, 42, 43, 44. Edward Morgan, Henry Johnson, Stephen Butler and James Butler—From the Baltimore *Sun* of June 4, I cut the following advertisement, which speaks for itself:

"TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.—The above Reward will be paid for the apprehension of two blacks, who escaped on Sunday last. It is supposed they have made their way to Pennsylvania. $500 will be paid for the apprehension of either, so that we get them again. The oldest is named Edward Morgan, about five feet six or seven inches, heavily made—is a dark black, has rather a down look when spoken to, and is about 21 years of age.

"Henry Johnson is a coloured negro, about five feet seven or eight inches, heavily made, aged nineteen years, has a pleasant countenance, and has a mark on his neck below the ear.

"Stephen Butler is a dark-complexioned negro, about five feet seven inches; has a pleasant countenance, with a scar above his eye; plays on the violin; about twenty-two years old.

"Jim Butler is a dark-complexioned negro, five feet eight or nine inches; is rather sullen when spoken to; face rough; aged about twenty-one years. The clothing not recollected. They had black frock coats and slouch hat with them. Any information of them address Elizabeth Brown, Sandy Hook P. O., or of Thomas Johnson, Abingdon P. O., Harford County, Md. "ELIZABETH BROWN.
"THOMAS JOHNSON."

Though the above description and account of Mr. Morgan and his ungrateful companions may be full and impartial as they merit, I hope Mrs. Elizabeth Brown and Mr. Thomas Johnson will regard it as no undue liberty on the part of the writer, to refer in this connection to a party bearing the same names, who were seen on the Underground, only a day or two before the advertisement appeared.

Edward is a hardy, firm, and "likely" looking young man, of 24 years of age; chesnut colour and medium size—and would be valued at not less than $1,400.

The greatest enemy he had to overcome, and whose property he was claimed to be, was a certain widow called "Betsey Brown." "She was a very bad woman—would go to Church every Sunday, and come home and go to fighting the coloured people"—"was never satisfied." "She treated my mother (said Edward) very bad—would beat her cruelly with a walking-stick." She was a member of the Catholic Church, the owner of twelve slaves, and kept a "very wicked overseer" by the name of "Bill Eddy."

Henry is only 19 years of age, brown skin, of prepossessing appearance, and the very picture of good health, physical endurance and manly courage. He held precisely the same relationship to Betsey Brown as did Edward, and dreaded her equally as much; and bore testimony to her meanness quite as unreservedly. To effect his freedom he was called upon to bid adieu for ever to his aged mother and three sisters—leaving them under the yoke.

James is 21 years of age, full black and medium size. Poor fare, hard usage, hard work was what first set him to thinking about Canada. The fact that he was the property of an aged Christian widow lady, of upwards of 80 years of age, by the name of Mrs. Pyles, and a member of the Presbyterian Church, was no guarantee that his condition would ever be bettered by remaining; hence he deliberately turned his back upon his "*passionate* and ill-natured" old Presbyterian mistress, leaving his parents in bondage, took ticket on the U. G. R. R., and started for Canada. Out of pocket—$1,400 at least.

Stephen is an older brother of James, and about the same size and colour, and had passed through the same experience under Mrs. Pyles, as is related of his brother—$1,400 more gone.

Between the description contained in the advertisement and the observation of the writer, there seems to be this slight difference: instead of Edward's being only "about five feet six or seven inches," with a "down look when spoken to," I should take him to be full five feet ten inches, with a very decided and defiant look, &c. Perhaps free soil made some difference. When asked what they had resolved to do if pursued by the hunters—he promptly and emphatically replied—"knock our knuckles off fighting." Said a friend, "do you think you will be pursued by your owners and overseer?" "No!" was the instant answer—adding that since Gorsuch was shot and killed, at Christiana, when on a chase, slaveholders from his neighbourhood "were afraid."

No. 45. Joseph Winston—In the Richmond *Despatch* of June 9th, the following advertisement was found:

"RUNAWAY.—$200 reward will be given if taken in the State, and $500 if taken out of the State.

"Run away, my negro boy Joe, sometimes called Joe Winston; about 23 years old; a little over 5 feet high; rather stout built; dark gingerbread colour; small moustache; stammers badly when confused or quickly spoken to; took along two or three suits of clothes, one a blue dress-coat with brass buttons, black pants and patent leather shoes, white hat, silver watch with gold chain; was last seen in this city on Tuesday last; had a pass to Hanover County, and supposed to be making his way towards York River, for the purpose of getting on board some coasting vessel.

"SAMUEL ELLIS."

This ingrate left simply for no other excuse than "because there was no enjoyment for coloured people;" and was "worked for" master, "without getting the money" himself for his labour.

Formerly Mr. Ellis was a carpenter, but at present is "clerk of the market." As to general treatment from his master, he did not complain—and he had been treated very well all his life, except, he did not have his own time. When he left he was hired out at $22 per month, which was quite an item towards supporting his "kind master" and mistress, with their seven "superior" children. True, Joseph was well dressed, to procure which he had to do "over work."

From a small boy he had always said he "never intended to do work all his life for the white people." $1,500 had been offered for this property.

Nos. 46 and 47. Benjamin Ross and wife Harriet—Benjamin and wife, in flying from oppression and a "rough" master, could look back for near threescore and ten years, when slavery claimed them at their earliest existence, and from that moment until the hour of their escape, had been robbed morally, physically and intellectually, to serve the demands of slavery.

Benjamin is about 67 years of age. Though of a hardy make, hard usage and poor fare had racked his frame and exhausted his energies; nevertheless the love of freedom was not dead, nor the will to escape to Canada in the least vanquished.

THE EXTINCTION OF SLAVERY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

From The Springfield Republican.

EMORY WASHBURN read a paper upon this interesting subject before the Massachusetts Historical Society, at a recent meeting. The article is too extensive for our columns, but we attempt to reproduce it in substance.

Slavery was not abolished in this State by special law, but by the decision of the courts that it was inconsistent with the bill of rights and with the higher law of eternal justice. The judges of those days had not learned to scoff at the Divine law, but unanimously held, with Blackstone, that any laws against the laws of natural justice are void, and that laws upholding slavery are against the laws of nature.

Judge Lowell, a member of the Committee for drafting the Constitution, introduced the first article of the Declaration of Rights, for the purpose of rendering slavery unconstitutional in Massachusetts. This article, following closely the Declaration of Independence, is as follows:

"All men are born free and equal, and have certain natural, essential and unalienable rights; among which may be reckoned the right of enjoying and defending their lives and liberties; that of acquiring, possessing and protecting property; in fine, that of seeking and obtaining their safety and happiness."

That human slavery could not by any means exist under this broad declaration, was seen then as clearly as now, and the decisions of the courts were given in accordance with it. But slavery was not abolished by the first decision to that effect. The decisions affected only the particular cases brought to the attention of the courts, and slavery gradually expired under the influence of law and public opinion against it.

The first case noticed by Mr. Washburn is that of James *vs.* Lechmere, in which the plaintiff, a negro, sued his master for assault and battery and for imprisoning and holding him in servitude. The Suffolk Court of Common Pleas decided in favour of the master, but the slave appealed, and the Superior Court decided in his favour, giving him his liberty and damages besides. This was in 1769, nearly two years before the famous decision of Lord Mansfield, that made slavery impossible in England, and the decisions seem to have been based upon the same general principle in both cases. Another case was that of Quork Walker *vs.* Nathaniel Jennison, commenced in the Worcester Court of Common Pleas in 1781, with several other suits involving the same questions and the same parties. Caleb Strong and Levi Lincoln—honoured and venerable names—were counsel for the negro; Gov. Gill was the chief justice. The decision was that the negro was entitled to his freedom. This case was carried up to the Superior Court, where the decision was reaffirmed. Both of the counsel for the slave, though neither of those for the master, and one of the Judges of the Inferior Court, and all the Judges of the Superior Court who sat in the case, as well as the Chief Justice, had themselves been members of the Convention which formed the Constitution, and must have understood the intention of its framers upon a subject that had so often and so recently been agitating the public mind. And their decision assumes a more than ordinarily authoritative character, inasmuch as it utters not only a judgment founded upon the language of that instrument, but speaks the sentiment which dictated that language itself.

Mr. Washburn has in his possession the brief used by Mr. Lincoln in arguing the case, and furnishes the following valuable synopsis of the argument:

The counsel for the master rested his rights among other things upon the following points: In the first place that the negro was a servant by his own consent, and therefore the defendant was liable for enticing him away.

But to this it was answered, that if such were the case, there must be some evidence of that consent either expressor implied, and the terms of it must be understood. Besides, some term of time must be agreed upon, for if he consented to be the plaintiff's servant and no time were agreed upon, it would be only during his own will, which he may put an end to whenever he pleases. But that in fact there was no evidence of consent in the case.

In the next place, the plaintiff insisted he was his servant by virtue of a bill of sale by which he became the property of Caldwell, from whom he passed to the plaintiff as husband of his owner, and such a bill of sale was produced on the trial. And the general right of holding property in slaves was sustained upon several grounds. 1st. It is declared in Exodus of a man's servant that "he is his money."

But, said the defendant's counsel, it is indeed said in Exodus that a man's servant is his money, and from this the counsel on the other side argues in favour of slavery But are you to try cases by the old Jewish law? This was an indulgence to that nation, and they would only make slaves of the heathen around them. But even by their severe laws, which required an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, men were not allowed to make a slave of a brother. They might not make a slave of him though they might hire him. In the present case Quork was their brother, they all had a common origin, were descended from a common parent, were clothed with the same kind of flesh, breathed the same breath of life and had a common Saviour.

It was contended that the custom and usage of the country considered slavery as right. But, it was replied, the objection to this is that customs and usages which are against reason and right are void. So far as this question depends upon the laws of the State, any laws against the laws of nature are void. And that laws upholding slavery are against the laws of nature, he cited 1 Blackstone, 91, 131, 423. But is he a slave by the laws of the country? If there are laws of the State which derogate from the rights recognised by the common law they are to be strictly construed. And such a law is contrary to the Constitution as well as to the laws of nature. "The air of America is too pure for a slave to breathe in." The counsel on the other side insist that slavery is a respectable affair in this country. But the question to be decided was not whether it was respectable or not. Has the defendant enticed away the plaintiff's servant, as is claimed in his writ? When a fellow subject is restrained of his liberty, it is an attack upon every other subject, and every one has a

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT COMPROMISE—WITHOUT CONCEALMENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857.

ANNIVERSARY OF BRITISH WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

On Saturday last, being the first day of August, the twenty-third anniversary of the abolition of Slavery in the British West Indies was duly commemorated by the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society and other friends of freedom, by a public meeting held in the well-known grove at Abington, in Plymouth County.

This grove has a situation remarkably favourable for the purposes of such a meeting. Equi-distant from the city of Boston and the venerable town of Plymouth, the landing-place of the pilgrim fathers of New England—surrounded by many flourishing towns, which contain a large, intelligent and highly educated population—easily accessible by railroad from the city and larger towns, it is in itself a spot of great natural beauty, affording a most agreeable resort and shelter, whether for the purpose of speaking and hearing or otherwise spending the day in the open air. To the friends of freedom the place has become hallowed by the memory of many gatherings which have been held there in behalf of their cause, of bold and eloquent words from honoured lips there uttered, and of noble purposes there formed which have stamped themselves in deeds upon the history of the country.

The lowering skies on the morning of Saturday last and the rain which fell for a short time indicated a dull and wet day, and forbade us to hope for the usual large gathering at the grove. It was doubtful indeed whether the grove could be occupied at all, and the Town Hall of Abington was put in readiness for the accommodation of such as might assemble. But, as the hour of meeting drew near, the signs of the weather became more favourable, and it was determined to attempt the meeting in the grove. Yet, through the forenoon, it remained doubtful whether the day would be fair or foul. "Long time in even scale the battle hung," but, soon after noon, and to the great joy of all, it was at length gloriously decided in favour of bright skies and soft breezes; and the entire summer has not seen a lovelier afternoon than that of Saturday, the first of August.

At about 11 o'clock, some five hundred persons having assembled, the meeting was called to order by Francis Jackson, President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. He said that, 23 years ago, Great Britain emancipated 800,000 slaves in the West Indies by paying money to the slaveholders. He thought they ought to have paid it to the slaves. When, he asked, would our four millions be emancipated? Not until the hands of the people of the North were taken from their throats; and it was our business to rap their knuckles until they were taken off.

Mr. Jackson then said that he had been requested by the Committee of Arrangements to report the following organization of the meeting:

For President—SAMUEL MAY, Jr., of Leicester.

For Vice-Presidents—Francis Jackson, Boston; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth; Eliza Lee Follen, Brookline; Maria Weston Chapman, Weymouth; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Chas. Lenox Remond, Salem; William Ashby, Newburyport; Thomas J. Hunt, Abington.

For Secretaries—Charles Follen, Brookline; Wm. C. Nell, Boston.

For Finance Committee—Abby Kelley Foster, Nathaniel B. Spooner, Mary Willey, Joshua H. Robbins.

The meeting, without dissent, confirmed the above nomination of officers.

Mr. May, in taking the chair, expressed the satisfaction he felt, and which he trusted he should ever feel, in any opportunity to serve this holy cause, which honoured all who faithfully served it, and welcomed all, both the old friends and the new inquirers, to the opportunities and enjoyments of the occasion.

Opportunity for prayer, vocal or silent, was then given. The meeting next joined in singing the first hymn (upon the printed sheet prepared for the occasion)—

"The Western isles rejoice to-day."

Miss Anna Gardner, of Nantucket, was introduced to the meeting as the first speaker.

MISS GARDNER'S REMARKS.

Between the interesting and glorious occasion which calls us together to-day—a genuine day of freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West Indies—and the Anniversary of what is falsely termed our National Independence, there is indeed a striking dissimilarity. Here is no noisy parade, no booming cannon, no spread-eagle demonstrations, by which the fair Goddess of Liberty is profaned; no bombastic orations, replete with cant and hypocrisy, no hollow-hearted mockery of Freedom, over her prostrate, bleeding form. But instead, we have a company convened by the magnetism of freedom, whose genuine love of it has been tested by long years of self-sacrifice and devotion.

It is refreshing, in these days of compromise with the dark spirit of evil, in these latter days that "try men's souls," to see so many great and noble minds, undaunted by the cry of "treason," far-seeing and self-sacrificing enough to plant themselves on the rock of absolute Right, outside the charmed circle of that blood-stained compact, misnamed the Union.

It is well to celebrate this anniversary of freedom. It is full of inspiration, full of encouragement, annually renewing to us the lesson of perseverance in our efforts to reach the hearts and consciences of the people by the "foolishness of preaching." Though we do not realize the consummation of our hopes so speedily as did Wilberforce and his colabourers, yet we may confidently expect to do so in a time commensurate with the greater magnitude of the work we have to perform, in a country where Slavery rules with a power ten-fold more despotic than that of a throne. Though we may have to "possess our souls in patience" a longer time, yet we may confidently prophesy, as did our friend Garrison, many years ago, in song:

> "Though distant be the day, yet come it must
> (O, hasten it in mercy, righteous Heaven!),
> When Afric's sons, uprising from the dust,
> Shall stand erect, their galling fetters riven,
> When from his throne Oppression shall be driven,
> An exiled monster, powerless through all time;
> When Freedom, glorious Freedom shall be given
> To every race, complexion, caste and clime,
> And Afric's sable hue shall cease to be a crime."

Let us, my friends, be encouraged in this glorious work of emancipation! History, with impartial utterance, will proclaim both our struggle and its triumph. Truth will not be

> ——"Forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne;
> For that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own"

(loud applause).

Andrew T. Foss, of New Hampshire, was next introduced, and spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF REV. ANDREW T. FOSS.

Mr. Foss said it was true, as had been stated, that the act of emancipation in the West Indies was a glorious event, but its glory was somewhat dimmed by the fact that the British Government gave a hundred millions of dollars to the slaveholder to remunerate him for this act of righteousness and justice. This was an admission that the slaveholders had a right to hold the slaves in bondage. The memories, therefore, that cluster around this day were admonitory as well as encouraging. The British people demanded the immediate, unconditional emancipation of the slaves; and if they had not made that demand, their liberty would never have been obtained at all. If they had demanded that the slave should be emancipated by paying the slaveholder, the demand would never have been acceded to. It was a fact that nothing was ever gained by asking less than the absolute right. They were told by many that the Garrisonians make a great mistake by making their demand so high—that they were too far from the people, and could not gain access to their minds. But somebody had said that the people always kept near enough to the reformer to curse him; and it was one evidence that their cause was a good and glorious reform, because they got an unusual amount of cursing.

In the contest in which the Abolitionists of this country were engaged, they had to contend with obstacles a thousand-fold greater than those which stood in the way of the British philanthropists. They have to make war upon the Government; the British people had the Government on their side. Then the religious influences of England did not uphold and support slavery as the religious influences of this country do. We have a Government and Church in the hand of the Slave Power, like clay in the hand of the potter, to be moulded to any vessel that they choose. His idea of the true anti-slavery work was not to attack slavery directly; he would not undertake so foolish a work as to attempt to prove to any one that man has no right to hold property in man. There was not a man in the world who did not know that every other man had an equal right to his liberty with himself. He should not, therefore, spend his time in endeavouring to prove that slavery was wrong, nor that the Bible condemns slavery. Whether it did or did not, slavery was a self-evident wrong; and if the Bible supported it, it was no better for slavery. He would attack the sustaining influences of slavery, whatever they might be. There was nothing so sacred that he would not lift his hand against it if it favoured slavery (applause). They might call that what they pleased; if it was treason, if it was infidelity, let them make the most of it. It was to trust God's own revelation, made through no medium whatever, but directly to his own soul, and he accepted it.

The Union of these States had been and was still, the security of slavery, and without it, slavery could not exist a single year; therefore, he was in favour of a dissolution of this Union at once. It was evident to every mind that slavery could not have been in existence to-day, if our fathers had not made the compact with the Slave Power that they did. He should always remember a sermon which he once heard preached by an old Quaker, repeat word for word. "Friends," said he, "the Captain of our salvation was never foiled in battle; the enemy of our souls was never beaten in a bargain." If that was not a good sermon he did not know what was. If they went to war with the devil, under the great Captain, they were sure of victory; but the moment they undertook to compromise—to make a bargain with him, he was sure to cheat them (applause). That was what our fathers did. Instead of fighting the devil of slavery, they sat down to compromise with him. "Give us so much, and we will give you so much," said they, and the devil of slavery cheated our fathers badly, and we have suffered the consequences. We were all devil-cheated, every one of us.

If this Union had not been formed, slavery would have been too poor to buy new territory. If Louisiana had not been purchased, slavery could not have lived twenty-five years after the adoption of the Constitution, in all human probability. Slavery was unpopular then, and, what was more to the advantage of freedom, it was exceedingly unprofitable. There was no market for negroes. A man of his size, and twenty-five years younger, would not bring more than 250 or 300 dollars, and that would not pay for raising; but with the purchase of Louisiana, with the purchase of Florida, with the annexation of Texas, the price of slaves increased, because there was a demand in those rich lands for this kind of labour, until now they had reached a very high figure. His deduction was this: that in consequence of these additions of territory, which never could have been made but for the formation of the Union, slavery has been made popular and profitable, whereas, without the Union, it would have been quite otherwise. What supported Virginia to-day? It was a fact, that during the last year, she sold human beings to the value of about fifteen millions of dollars. Virginia, the mother of statesmen and Presidents, that boasts that within her soil rest the ashes of the noblest dead, feeds and clothes herself with the price of the bodies and souls of men, women and children! Now it is profitable to raise slaves. The Union made it so; and but for this Union, there would be no sale for Virginia slaves. Now a man of his size would bring 2,500 dollars, if twenty-five years younger. That paid well—was a profitable business.

Mr. Arnold, of Virginia, and multitudes of other Southern men, had stated again and again, on the floor of Congress and elsewhere, that they could not sustain slavery a single year without this Union. Henry Wilson says it—everybody knows it is true. He was in favour of the dissolution of the Union, then. If any man or woman before him was a slave, and had had their children torn from their arms, and separated from them forever, and knew that this Union, or any other Union, gave support to this terrible wrong, would they not oppose it? The man who was not opposed to the Union of these States was a slave himself.

He wished to ask his Republican friends if, when they swore fealty to the Union, they did not mean fealty to slavery. There was not a man who believed that slavery could continue any length of time in this land without the Union, and they were in favour of the Union; therefore, they were in favour of the continuance of slavery. That was the only logical conclusion to which they could come. They were doing more than the Democratic party to fasten the chains of the slaves by swearing to support this blood-stained Union. He knew their hearts were right, and that they desired the emancipation of the slave; but the very moment they were raising their hands to pray Heaven to break their fetters, they were helping to rivet them yet more firmly by giving their support to the Union. He was ashamed of them, and they ought to be ashamed of themselves, for they were doing a wicked and vile work.

If it were not for this Union, the slaves of South Carolina could take their freedom to-day. They were strong men, whose bones and muscles had been knit into strength by labour; their masters were weak and imbecile, as regards physical strength. If it were not for the force of the North, pledged to support South Carolina in her tyranny over the slave population, they would not wear the bonds. They would dispose of their masters some morning before breakfast, and eat their breakfasts free men—and not be late, neither. But they knew that the moment they raised their hands against their masters, they would be visited with instant death from the Northern allies of the slaveholders.

Mr. Foss said a man told him the other day that if the slaves were worthy of their freedom, they would rise and take it; but suppose, said he, I see ten men in the road, pulling out their watches and money, and handing them to one man who stands, pistol in hand, commanding them to deliver up their property. I say, "What miserable cowards! Why don't you spring upon him, and disarm him? There are ten of you; he is but one man." But just then I look over the bushes on the side of the road, and I see one hundred men, with muskets loaded, their fingers on the trigger, and they are saying, "Stand still, or we will shoot you dead in your tracks," and I change my mind; I do not think they are such cowards now.

That was the position of the Republicans and the people of the North towards the slaveholder; therefore his quarrel to-day was with the Republican party. The Democrats were losing their credit, everybody knew where they came from, and whither they were bound (laughter and cheers). The Democrat was consistent. He was a devil, but "a devil all confessed."

> ——"Through the curls of his hair
> The horns stand out, all naked and bare."

But the Republican party were all wrapped up; just as much devils as the Democrats, but devils concealed; so much so, that half of them did not know they were devils (laughter).

The Republicans claimed that they were the practicable men, and the Abolitionists the impracticable; but the fact was exactly the reverse. How did they suppose they could ever abolish slavery by supporting the Union, which it was confessed supported slavery and the slaveholder? They might continue in the Union, and encourage the slaveholder to hold on to his slaves, but the time must come when the slaves would be too strong to be held in bondage. They must all see, that however the white population might increase, the time would come when the slaves would be too many to be held in bondage. Besides, intelligence was coming to the dark minds of these men. They were beginning to know their rights, and when they knew them, he hoped they would strike for them. He had no squeamishness about this, and would spill any man's blood who sought to hold him in bondage; and he would counsel any man to take his liberty, "peaceably if he could, forcibly if he must."

His argument was, that under the existing state of things, there must be a collision between the races; but if the Union were dissolved, the result would be that the slaveholder, left to himself, would see that he is weak, inferior to the population by which he is surrounded, and that, of necessity, he must emancipate his slaves, and he would go to work and do it. That was the only way to get rid of slavery peaceably. If the Union were continued, there would be a battle terrible as that spoken of in the Apocalypse, when the blood rose up to the horses' bridles; break it up, do justice to the slave, and there was a strong probability that this dark cloud would pass away from the horizon, and leave us the clear and beautiful sunshine.

He was a Garrisonian, not only by impulse—for, he thanked God, his impulses had always been with the right—but philosophically. It was the only reasonable, rational, hopeful way of delivering this land from slavery without bloodshed. It was surprising to him that all men did not see this. The Republicans had an idea that if they could only get the government into their hands, they would do wonders. They supposed that if they got the machine, they could bring out better work than the fathers, though the machine is exactly the same, and will run just as it was made to run, whoever turns the crank. He thought there was a good deal of presumption in such a supposition. They could not do it; they could not restrict slavery within its present limits. He wished they might get the government; he would be glad to see them make the effort, although he knew they would fail. It was necessary that they should see the folly of their scheme, and thus be induced to take higher and stronger ground.

"As there are so many here to speak," said Mr. Foss, in conclusion, "I do not feel that I ought to occupy your time longer; I have given you clearly and distinctly my idea—that the only true course to be pursued by intelligent and philanthropic minds is to seek the dissolution of the Union; and I hope the Northern Convention to be held the coming autumn will be a great and glorious one. I hope you will begin to save your money, that you may have some to spare to take you to and from the Convention. You can do no work that will be so well for humanity and your own souls as to give what support you can to that Convention. Fathers! you desire to leave some legacy to your children; mothers! you, too, would do it. Strive to leave them the blessed legacy of a free country. I never expect to leave any property to my children; but if I can leave them a free country, that is the richest and best boon I can leave them. If I were worth a hundred millions of dollars, I would rather spend it all, and leave my children without a cent, but with a free country, than leave them all those millions, with a country cursed, as to-day, with slavery (applause).

Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, addressed the meeting (whose numbers were steadily increasing), in a speech characterized by ability of reasoning and happy illustration. We give it nearly in full:

SPEECH OF REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Mr. President: During the Mexican war, Capt. Bragg, with his artillery, was, on one occasion, in position, and Gen. Pillow rode up to him and said, with a good deal of excitement, "The crisis has arrived, Capt. Bragg—the crisis has arrived; *fire!*" So Capt. Bragg turned round to his orderly and said, "Fire!" The orderly looked about, and, not seeing anything, said, "What shall I fire at?" "Why," said Capt. Bragg, "didn't you hear Gen. Pillow say the crisis had arrived? Fire at the crisis" (laughter). Now, on these occasions, when anti-slavery men meet together, they always have something to fire at, for there is always a crisis, and they fire at crises; and I have no doubt that every man who is to speak here to-day will do as Gen. Pillow directed, and fire at the crisis. But for myself, I am not going to fire at the crisis. I am not going to say anything about the Dred Scott case, which I believe is the crisis at the present time; but I am going to say something about this anniversary, this first of August.

[After alluding to the scarcity of holidays in this country, and the character of our public days—classing Thanksgiving Day and the Fourth of July as the best, and the most likely to endure—Mr. Clarke proceeded:]

But the people of New England have found another holiday; and they have found it on this day, on which we meet to celebrate—what? To celebrate what never in the world before the 1st of August, 1834, namely, the acknowledgment of the fact, by a nation, that it was bound by the great laws of right and wrong just as much as individuals are bound by them. That is what we celebrate to-day, and that is worth celebrating (applause). A man fails, and his creditors release him; but by and by he makes more money, becomes rich again, calls his creditors together, and pays them all up, principal and interest; and we honour him for it; we say he has done the right thing. The law did not compel him to do it, but he felt he ought to do it, and at once did it. A man has been doing something wrong; he cheated his neighbour, perhaps; he repents of it, confesses his fault, and makes restitution, or makes restitution without confession, which is not quite so well; we honour him for making restitution. A man is doing something wrong—distilling liquor, for instance; he did not think it wrong at first, but his conscience is touched, and he feels he ought not to do it. He goes into a family and finds the wife and children in misery and want because the father is a drunkard, and he finds that drunkenness was occasioned by the manufacture and sale of liquor, in which he has been engaged. His conscience and reason are touched, and he makes up his mind that he will give up his profitable business, and he does so, because he thinks he ought to do it. We honour him for it. Why should not a nation, as well as an individual, be bound by those rules of right and wrong? The people of Great Britain came to the conclusion that they were bound by those laws of right and wrong, and they compelled their Government to act upon that conviction. They felt that they had been doing wrong, and they left off doing wrong. They came to the conclusion that the people of Great Britain, who had been a slaveholding and a slave-trading people from the beginning of their history down to that time—they came to the conclusion that it was wrong, although their ancestors had done it, and they determined to break it off. That involved great sacrifices and many struggles before the act was accomplished; there were threats of dissolution between the Colonies and the mother country, but they did not mind them; they broke it off.

Now, you would think that a nation ought to be honoured when, as a nation, it recognises that it is bound by the same laws of right and wrong as individuals. But what did happen? They were not honoured, at least not by everybody. There were loud outcries against the people of Great Britain, as hypocrites. "They have white slaves at home," it was said; "why don't they liberate them? Look at the children in the factories; look at the colliers, working in cold and wet, and nearly or quite naked; why don't they free them? and why don't they free the people of India? They are hypocrites." Let us suppose a case. There is Mr. Thomas Goodchild, who lives in Boston; he was doing a prosperous business, but he got involved, and failed, and paid fifty cents on a dollar, his creditors releasing him. By and by he went into business again, and made more money, and called his creditors together, and said, "I have made more money, and I will pay you what I owe you, with interest," and he did it. There is a man living over the way—we will call him Mr. Isaac Hardheart—what does he say about it? He says the man is a fool, a hypocrite, because he has done other wrong things, and why doesn't he break off from them? "I understand," says Isaac, "that he sometimes swears; that he is a little severe in his own household. Why does he not leave these off? He is a hypocrite. Besides, the people he has paid are worse off than they were before. There is a man who took the money and got drunk; Mr. Goodchild better have kept his money. Besides," says Isaac, "it is contrary to the Bible. The Bible says that people who have released their debtors ought not to be paid. Noah laid down that law when he came out of the ark, and Paul wrote a letter to Philemon and ordered a debtor who had released his creditor, and afterwards been paid up, to return the money." We are somewhat surprised to hear that; but we soon ascertain that Mr. Hardheart has himself failed, for four times as much as Mr. Goodchild, and, although he has made a large fortune since, he has never offered to pay up his creditors, and does not mean to. Now it is all explained, and we can understand his position very well.

That parable applies very well to the people of England and the people of the United States. We call the English people hypocrites because they did what we do not want to do, and what we do not mean to do. It rather troubles our consciences, and we had rather call them hard names than follow their example (applause).

Allow me, Mr. President, in what time remains to me here, to endeavour to indicate a few of the lessons which we may adduce, if we choose, from this act of the people of Great Britain. On the 1st of Aug., 1834, every slave in the British possessions became virtually a free man, and on the first of August, 1838, every slave became actually a free man. Let me read the act of emancipation. It ought to be read to-day. It is one of the noble passages of history. This is the essential clause of the act of Parliament which set free 800,000 slaves, and taxed the people of Great Britain $100,000,000 in order to carry it out:

> "Be it enacted, that all and every the persons who, on the first day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, shall be holden in slavery within such British Colony as aforesaid, shall, upon and from and after the said first of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, become and be to all intents and purposes free, and discharged of and from all manner of slavery, and shall be absolutely and forever manumitted; and that the children thereafter born to any such persons, and the offspring of such children, shall in like manner be free from birth. And that from and after the first day of August, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four, slavery shall be and is hereby utterly and forever abolished and declared unlawful throughout the British Colonies, plantations and possessions abroad."

That is a noble act; that is the act we celebrate to-day; an act of justice and honesty, and one performed by the people of Great Britain as a nation. It was a great national act of restitution; it is breaking away from their sins. They did not restore to the slaves who had been working for years without wages, under the whip, what they had been robbed of. It was not a complete restitution, but, as far as it went, it was a noble, generous, magnanimous act.

Now for one or two lessons from that act, and its results. We can learn from that act this—that it is a safe thing to emancipate the slaves of the United States. You know perfectly well that the constant outcry has been that those who wish to have the slaves emancipated are wishing to have the throats cut of the masters, their wives and their children; and you know perfectly well that when these 800,000 slaves became free men, there was not a single throat cut, not the least act of violence committed, throughout the whole of the British possessions. You know this very well, because we have read, over and over again, descriptions of the beautiful solemnity of the peaceful and happy thanksgivings with which these slaves, turned into freemen, welcomed the great boon of liberty. That is something we ought to know and remember. If there had been, in consequence of that act of emancipation, any disturbance or disorder anywhere during the years that have elapsed since that act, would it not have been blazoned all through the land? would it not have been as celebrated as the horrors of St. Domingo? Certainly it would. And because no pro-slavery man has ever ventured to bring forth that argument against emancipation, you may be perfectly satisfied that there has never been any outbreak in consequence of emancipation; thus verifying the adage of the German poet: "Fear not the slave who becomes a freeman, but fear the slave while he yet wears his fetters."

This is one thing that ought to be remembered and repeated on this occasion—there is no danger in doing right. It may be said that the slaves of the West India Islands were kept apart from each other by the separation of the islands, whereas in the United States there are four millions within reach of each other, and it would, therefore, be more dangerous to emancipate the slaves in this country than it was to emancipate those in the West Indies. In answer to that, we have merely to say that it is not expected, nor will it ever happen, that all the slave States will emancipate their slaves at the same time. No doubt it will begin with the slaves of the border States, one at a time. Missouri will emancipate, Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, one after another, not all at once; and so it will be just as safe in their case as it was in the emancipation of the slaves of the West India Islands.

There is something else for us to learn from the event of this day. We may learn this—that the longer we put off doing right, the harder it becomes. The people of those islands put off emancipation until it became hard, and those consequences followed about which we read in the papers continually. The losses, the sacrifices, the pecuniary distress in those islands, came not from the emancipation, but from what went before it; they came from the slavery which preceded it. I have a book here which is the text-book on this subject, so far as I know. I do not know any other book which gives so full, fair and candid an account of the state of things in the British West Indies; there may have been another of a more recent date, but I am not aware of it. I refer to the book of Mr. Bigelow, called "Jamaica in 1850." He went to Jamaica, and he obtained from the most authentic sources the best information, and the conclusions to which he came, and which he has set forth in this book, and which I think he has demonstrated, are these: That great pecuniary distress *did* follow the act of emancipation, but that this distress was not caused by emancipation, but by what went before it. He has enumerated the causes of the present evil state of things in the West India Islands, and they are these four: First, the degradation of labour caused by slavery, not by freedom; the feeling existing among the coloured people, and which they learned from the whites, that to labour is degrading; and, therefore, when the slaves became freemen, and were not obliged to labour, they would only work as much as was necessary to support them; and a man, by working two hours a day in that beautiful climate and upon that rich soil, can obtain enough for the support of himself and family. That is one of the causes of the failure of the crops. The second cause which he gives is the encumbered estates. He says, from the testimony of the Attorney-General of the island of Jamaica, and of the planters themselves, that on the day of the passage of the act of emancipation, there was not a single estate on the island that was not mortgaged to nearly the full amount of its value. Third, these estates were not owned by those who lived on the island, but by absentees, and are so still; and that is another cause of the losses which have fallen upon the Island of Jamaica, and on the other islands. As in Ireland, absenteeism has ruined the country, so in Jamaica and the British West Indies, absenteeism has been one of the causes of their depressed condition. As a consequence of this, there are but few small proprietors. The estates are all large—1,200 or 1,500 acres—some larger; and the owners refuse to sell in small portions; and consequently, those who wish to obtain a few acres, and who would be willing to raise the staples of the island, and sell them to those who would manufacture the cotton and sugar, are unable to do so. This writer says that this state of things is gradually passing away; that small proprietors are gradually getting possession of the land; that labour is becoming respectable, and, consequently, that there is a better state of things in prospect as soon as those causes of depression which preceded emancipation have been removed.

These are facts which I know are not particularly interesting, but still they are facts which ought to be stated on this occasion. They show that the longer you put off doing right, the harder it is. I recollect reading a speech of Syndey Smith, in which, meeting the objection that reformers demanded more than they formerly asked, he mentioned this same law. "Yes," said he, "it is true." But suppose you should take your apothecary on Saturday, and say to him, "Subtle compounder, didn't you tell me, on Monday, that I only needed a drachm of medicine, and now you tell me I must take an ounce?" "True, but you did not take the drachm on Monday; that makes the difference. If you had done as I told you to do then, the consequence would be that instead of sitting up in your chamber in your slippers and night-gown, you would have been walking vigorously up Piccadily. Don't blame me, therefore, that, on account of your putting off what you ought to have done, you are condemned to ten times the amount of rhubarb, and an unlimited quantity of senna" (laughter). That is the law. You know the story of the Sybil. She brought nine books to the Roman king, which she offered for a certain price. "It is too much," said the king. She went away and burned three of them; then came back and said, "Here are the books—six of them; same price as before." "But there are only six." "Very well; that is the price." "It is too much; I cannot take them." She burns three more, then returns and offers the remaining three, at the same price as before. "Well," says the king, "I suppose I must take them." That is the law with us. We have got to take emancipation. The people of the United States must come to it, and every day they put it off, they will have to pay a larger price for the same thing. Slavery is wearing out the soil; it is corrupting our morals and manners, ruining the character of the people, degrading us in the eyes of the world. Every year we get less than we should have done if we had emancipated our slaves when we ought to have done it—on the very day in which we declared our own independence. But it has got to be done, and we have got to pay the full price.

Well, there are other things which we may learn from this Anniversary, and one of the lessons is, to distinguish between things which differ, but are called by the same name. I want to distinguish in politics, and to distinguish in religion, between different things that go by the same name. There is a thing called Democracy in this country; it is a noble thing. We call ourselves a democratic people; it would be a grand thing if we were a democratic people; but what does Democracy mean? It means that the great majority of the people form, and support, and alter their own institutions, just as they please. It means the largest liberty of the largest number; it means equal rights between man and man. But we have got none of these things. Therefore, our Democracy is a Democracy of *word*, not Democracy the *thing*. When a majority of the people of Great Britain made up their minds that slavery was wrong, they said to their monarchical Government, "Abolish Slavery!" and the Government was obliged to obey. There was a true Democracy. The great majority of the people of the United States long ago made up their minds that slavery was wrong—North and South; but they could not abolish slavery, because they are governed by an Oligarchy. It is called a Democracy, but it is not so, and it is time we understood it, and distinguished between things which go by the same name, but are very different. I heard a story told in one of the speeches of the last campaign which I think will illustrate this fact. A man, in the middle of winter, heard a boy who was crying out, "Hot mince pies." So he called the boy, and bought one pie, thinking he would have a nice time eating it. He took a little out of it, and his teeth met in the middle on a great lump of ice. So he shouted after the boy to come back, and, when he came, he asked him, "What do you mean by calling this a *hot* mince pie?—it is frozen." "What do I mean?" said the boy; "why, that's the name of it" (laughter and applause). Just so it is with our Democracy; it is nothing but a name. We must distinguish between a Democracy in reality and a Democracy in name. There was once an anti-slavery lecturer who was speaking in the State of Pennsylvania, among the old German Democrats, and he tried to convince them that Democracy was identical with anti-slavery. He said to them, "Why, what is Democracy? Is not a Democrat a man who loves equal rights, who wishes that everybody should be free? Is not that what you call a Democrat?" And an old Dutch Democrat, who sat before him, sung out, "No; dat ish not vot I calls a Democrat. I calls a Democrat a man vot votes the Democratic ticket" (laughter). That is the Democracy of this country now; a man who votes the Democratic ticket; not a man who believes in Democratic ideas; not a man who loves to have the majority rule; not a man who loves justice and equal rights for all (applause).

You must distinguish in politics. Because a man is called a Republican, it does not follow that he is a Republican, neither does it follow that he is *not* a Republican. I make two parties in this country and only two. I do not call them slaveholders and non-slaveholders, because I know that among the slaveholders are some of the most generous and noble souls in the world. I have lived among them; I know them; I know there were men among them—and I suppose there are still—who, while technically and nominally slaveholders, were yet, in the whole influence of heart and life, anything but slaveholders. I do not say that because a man is technically and nominally a slaveholder, that therefore he is a rascal. I say, if a man believes in slavery, if he stands up for it, and defends it, if he is not doing what he can to get out of slavery, and free those who are dependent upon him, then I grant you he is really a slaveholder. But I have known men among the slaveholders who would rebuke nominal anti-slavery men—the men who will tell you everywhere, "We are as much opposed to slavery as anybody—but." The two parties which I should make are those who are doing something against slavery, and those who are not doing anything against slavery; those who think that something ought to be done, and who are doing that something, whatever it may be—be it more or less; who are on the right side, who are working the right way, who are doing something, and who are willing to cooperate with anybody else who is doing something against slavery; and those who talk, if you choose, against it, but who are throwing cold water on the efforts of other men who are attempting to do something in a different way from themselves. I say, those who are doing something against slavery make up one party, and those who are doing nothing against it make up the other party—and I know only these two parties. I do not care whether a man is opposed to the Union or not. If he thinks the dissolution of the Union necessary in order to abolish slavery, I do not oppose him; I am willing to work with him. If he thinks the Republican party is the proper instrumentality to secure the abolition of slavery, I will help and encourage him. We do perfectly right in criticising the Republican party; so I should be right in criticising the Garrisonian party, if I thought it worth while. There is no harm in criticism; but I say, I belong to that Church which is at work against slavery; that is my Church, by whatever method it is trying to free the slave.

I have never made it my object to preach the dissolution of the Union, and my reason is a very simple one. I am very glad that the idolatrous love of the Union should be exposed and overthrown. I am very glad there are people who think the right thing to be done is to denounce the Union—let them go on! There is an idolatrous love of the Union in this country which ought to be put down; but it is not my way, for this simple reason: How are you going to dissolve the Union? The only way is by making the people of the free States believe that liberty is of more value than the Union. You have got to convince them first of that, have you not? and when you have done that, it will not be necessary to dissolve the Union. When you have convinced a majority of the people of the North of that, I will warrant that the Union will not be dissolved—slavery will be abolished. Yet I think it very likely the Union will be dissolved, and the reason is this: the people of the North are not convinced that liberty is better than the Union; they think that the Union is better than liberty; and therefore they are unwilling to take that position of opposition to slavery before which the Slave Power would go down. They allow the Slave Power to go on strengthening itself from year to year, gaining one triumph after another, always by the threat of dissolving the Union; and at last it will become so strong that it will think it can really dissolve the Union and maintain itself. I think, therefore, the probability is, that before slavery comes to an end, the Union will be dissolved by the act of the South, not by the act of the North. You will not convince the people of the North that the Union ought to be dissolved, but the people of the South will by and by come to the conclusion that it is easier and safer and pleasanter to dissolve the Union and set up a slaveholding Republic for themselves. Well, suppose they do, what will be the result of that? I have no doubt that what our friend Foss said will turn out perfectly true—they will find that they cannot maintain a slaveholding Republic a single year. They will think they can, but they cannot. There is the financial question—where will they get the money? The revenue of this Republic is about fifty millions annually. Where does it come from? Some two or three millions come from the sale of the public lands, the rest from customs. Where is this collected? In 1850, thirty-seven millions were collected in the port of New York, seven millions in Boston, and throughout the whole South the amount collected was only about six millions. How are they going to maintain a slaveholding Republic on that sum? It has got to be a military Republic—they have got to arm themselves at once against the whole world—and a military Republic costs money. They will have to resort to direct taxation before the end of the first year of their new government: who is to be taxed? The slaveholders are the only persons who have property; they own half the property of the South. Of four thousand millions of dollars, the assessed value of the real and personal estate of the slaveholding States, two thousand millions, certainly, are owned by the three hundred and fifty thousand slaveholders—the six millions of free white men own only the other half. When the time of direct taxation comes, the slaveholders will find that it will be cheaper to abolish slavery, and come back into the Union as free States, than to remain outside as a slaveholding Republic.

In my opinion, that is the way slavery is to come to an end. But, still, the only thing we can do is to go on with the moral machinery against slavery. That is your work. Your work is to show that slavery is wrong. You think, perhaps, you are doing your great work by trying to effect the dissolution of the Union. You will never do that, but you will do something better than that. You will keep the moral question of right and wrong before the people; and in doing that, you will do you work, because, talk as we please about the importance of other methods, without that method we can never do anything. This is the corner-stone which must lie at the bottom of the Anti-Slavery movement in this country. The people of the North must be convinced, through and through, that it is wrong to hold slaves; and then, when the time comes in which the people of the South will say, "We are going to separate from you, because we are determined to have a slaveholding Republic; we are not going to emancipate, and you are such Abolitionists we cannot remain in the Union with you," the people of the North will be prepared to say, "Go! Don't stop an hour on our account!"

I know I have already spoken too long, but I want to say yet one thing more. Let us distinguish not only between things which differ in the State, but between things which differ in the Church. There are different things going by the name Church, Christianity, Religion. Now, if I thought that Christianity was a slavery-defending Christianity, I should relinquish it quite as soon as brother Foss said he should. There are two kinds of piety. You remember the story of Father Hopper. A man came to him one day and said, "I want you to pay this due bill for twenty dollars on the estate which you are to settle." "I will see about it," said friend Hopper. Very soon after, the man came again, and said, "I want six dollars very much; and if you will give me six dollars, I will let you have that due bill." Friend Hopper thought that was a little suspicious, so he hunted through his papers, and at last found a receipt in full for the money, with a memorandum that the due bill had been lost, but when found was to be given up. The next time the man came, friend Hopper said to him, "Friend Jones, I understand you have got religion lately." "Yes, thank the Lord," said friend Jones, "I have got religion." "Well," said he, "I understand you have been dipped. Did you ever hear about James Wilder, who was dipped?" "No," said he. "Well, the neighbours say that when he was dipped, the crown of his head did not go under, and the devil has been playing the mischief with him ever since. I think the crown of your head did not go under the water; look at that receipt!" (Laughter and applause.) We have eminent men, pious men—Dr. Nehemiah Adams, President Lord, Bishop Hopkins—who write books to show that slavery is a good thing, and that all the mischief is done by the anti-slavery men, the Abolitionists. They did not get well dipped. They ought to be dipped again. The crown of their heads was left out, or else it must be explained in another way—the way in which a Methodist minister once explained the state of some brethren who came to be ordained. One of them, after being examined, went out, and the preacher got up and said, "Our brothers are good men, pious men, no doubt; but somehow there is a soft place in their heads." Just as he said this, he turned round and saw the two brothers looking fire and fury at him. But, without changing a muscle of his face, he went on and said, "But, my brethren, which of us haint got a soft place in his head?" (Laughter.) Now, I think our brothers who write these books must have a soft place in their heads, or else they have not been dipped all over. That is to say, there is something the matter with the men who, in this age of the world, and in this country, come forward to defend slavery as a Christian institution; there is something the matter, either with their heads or their hearts. I take it there is a soft place in their heads—that is the charitable construction at least.

Mr. Spooner—I think they have a hard place in their hearts (laughter and applause).

Mr. Clarke—I agree that there is another explanation still, and I will tell another story in reference to that, and then take my seat. A man once lived at Yellow Banks, in Kentucky—a place I once visited—who had a great reputation in that State as a public speaker, whose name was Joseph M. Davis. He once went to Washington to argue a case before the Supreme Court; and when he got back, one of his neighbours called to see him and asked him, "Did you see the great men at Washington?" "Yes." "Who was the greatest man you saw?" "I think John Jay was the greatest man." "Did you see Thomas Jefferson?" "Yes." "What did you think of him?" "Well," said he, "I will tell you. You want to buy a cider barrel?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I have got some to sell. There is a good cider barrel—good staves, good hoops, and a good top to it; lift it up! it has got no bottom to it. That is what I think of Thomas Jefferson" (laughter). That is what I think of the Christianity of men who, as Christians, undertake to defend slavery; it has got no bottom to it. It has got good staves, good hoops, a good top, but take it up—it will not hold water (applause).

I believe the great influence that is to overthrow slavery is Christ, and His Church. I believe that Christ is present wherever two or three meet together to do any act of righteousness, any act of generosity, any act of humanity. I find my Church, whether it is called a Church or not, wherever I find men with whom I can work in the cause of God on earth, which is the cause of man. That is my church, as long as I live; and wherever I find such a Church, whether it is called by the name of a Christian Church or whether it rejects the name of a Christian Church, it is still to me the Church of Christ. There Christ dwells, my master, my friend, the friend of humanity and of human rights. I believe he is here. Whether we call him our master or not, he is our master, our leader, our friend, whenever we are endeavouring to do anything in the cause of man. So, friends, I say go forward! If you think the dissolution of the Union is the thing to strive for, strive for that. If you think that in any other way you can best labour for the cause of the slave, I will not binder you; I will help you as well as I can; and

Those islands are now in a hopeful condition, and active measures are on foot to induce the labouring classes to cultivate the soil.

It is believed by many that those islands are in a worse condition now than they were before the slaves were emancipated. This is not true of those islands as a whole, though it is true with regard to many of the estates. The planters would have the emancipated slaves work for a trifle—this they refused to do, preferring to "play for nothing," sooner than "work for nothing." This oversight of the planters in refusing to pay a reasonable price for labour caused many of their estates to go to ruin, and all of their property to depreciate. If they had paid fair wages, a single year would have shown them, in the increase of their crops, the advantage of free over slave labour. But they held the pence so near their eyes that they could not see the pounds a little distance before them. *Their* failures they unhappily call the failures of emancipation!

England, generous to the planters, paid them well for the flesh and life-blood of the slave. But the poor outraged and injured slaves themselves, many of whom had become aged, infirm and worn out, in serving their masters, and making them rich—these she gave nothing but a fair chance to test the charities of an unfriendly world. Now, if a slave was worth a hundred pounds to his master, he was worth at least twice as much to himself. And if England could afford to give the master five hundred dollars who never worked an hour to promote the interests of her colonies, certainly she could afford to have given the man one thousand, who had been her slave for life. This, however, she did not do, and she did not even offer a stimulus to make him industrious, by protecting his labour. The English system of free trade unfortunately forces the British free labourers in Jamaica to compete with the Spanish slaves of Cuba.

Being left without means to enter into business or agriculture, and with no fair compensation offered for labour, their condition, even as free men, was far from enviable. But they have been and are continually surmounting it. Many have commenced by picking fruits for the markets, then buying a small patch of land and tilling it, and gradually adding to it year by year as the crops are sold. In this manner, many who were once under the driver's lash have now become quite wealthy, and have not been whipped when they go to church nor their teeth knocked out when they suck the sugar-cane.

The moral condition of those Islands is much improved, though it is not so good as we could wish, yet it is far better than that of France or Italy.

Education is highly encouraged. All offices are open to them, and there are in Jamaica, Editors, Barristers, Justices of the Peace, Special Magistrates, Aldermen, Assembly-men and Judges; and Mr. Jordan, a coloured gentleman, is Mayor of Kingston, the largest city in the British West Indies.

I rejoice to-day, to be able to thank England for what she has done. I hope she will do more. Those people have a heavy claim upon her, are loyal subjects and worthy of her kindest care and consideration.

The condition of the masses is continually improving, and the wonderful progress which they have made under very adverse circumstances shows us at least that the Anti-Slavery movement is not a failure, and that the blacks know how to take care of themselves.

The slaveholders understand this very well, and whenever they think their slaves have got the idea of freedom in their minds, they are almost frightened out of their wits.

In this connection, Dr. Rock referred to the imaginary insurrection in Tennessee, last Winter, and paid an eloquent tribute to the negro martyr who refused to reveal what he knew of the plot, though tortured to death by the whip of his cruel and vindictive master. He also referred to Hayti with a good deal of pride, as proving the capacity of the blacks for self-government. A half century ago, Hayti was a vast slave plantation; now she is the eighth nation of the world with regard to revenue, and numbers among her population men of great scientific and professional acquirements, and eminently successful in every department of business.

Dr. R. said he would not monopolize the time, and concluded by remarking that the only question in this country was, whether we had the backbone to meet the enemy face to face. Everything taught us that the Slave Oligarchy intended, not merely to make Kansas a slave State, and New England the hunting-ground for slave-stealers, but to place the whole country under the iron rule of the slaveholders.

Mrs. ABBY KELLEY FOSTER came forward, and, with an earnestness and depth of feeling to which no report can do justice, said:

REMARKS OF MRS. FOSTER.

I do not rise to make a speech, though I suppose I shall make a short one, notwithstanding that is not my object. The first speech I ever made in New England to a public audience, was for funds; I hope the last will not be for that object. I hope to live to see the day when it will not be necessary to ask for funds, because the work for which we ask them shall have been accomplished. When I made that first speech, I dated emancipation ten years later, possibly twenty. Here we are to-day; twenty years have passed away, but still the slave wears his bonds; when his emancipation will come, I know not. But, Mr. President, neither you nor I understood, at that time, the length, the height, the thickness of the prison wall. Our young imaginations were dazzled with the wall of the ancient city—its strength, its overhanging gardens, its sentinels and watch towers; but we did not dream that the length of the wall that hems in the slave is the boundary of the United States; we did not dream that that wall was garrisoned by forty thousand churches, with their members; we did not dream that intervening between church and church was the United States army, all armed and equipped and ready for active service—ay, in active service, with musket loaded and bayonet pointed; we did not dream that leading Doctors of Divinity were sentinels on its watch-towers; we did not dream that State Houses were at convenient distances, and the Capitol over the portico; we we did not dream this then, but we know it now. But, Mr. Chairman, although the strength of that wall, the length, and height, and breadth thereof have never been measured, one thing we know, and that is, that its foundation is of sand, and that the waves of public opinion which have been brought to bear upon its foundations have loosened them somewhat. Yet now, those waves of public sentiment do not run so high and strong as they ought to run—and why? "Agitation," said O'Connell—thanks to that master spirit! I hope it is looking down upon us to-day—"Agitation is the soul of reform!" Mr. Clarke said this forenoon what we all know; that the business of the Anti-Slavery Society was to create agitation, to send out missionaries to change the public mind. We come here delighted to hear fine speeches; and I own to the weakness of loving fine speeches myself; I love to sit here and have my heart touched, and the sympathetic tear spring to the eye, as it did to the eyes of many just now; but still, there is another work to do. I want the time to come when we can have a First of August jubilee for four millions of slaves in this land. You desire it as much as I. In order to get it what is the work we ought to do? We think, all of us, that our work far transcends that of our fathers. We are to plant in the prejudices and habits of the people a conviction of what they merely uttered. We are to educate a nation, whereas they had but the small work of obtaining for themselves the right to rule. They got the liberty for three millions of people to tax themselves; we wish to release four millions of people from chattel slavery. We have got to do it by educating the people into the idea that the fathers announced. We must, therefore, support the missionaries. We have got to carry the means of anti-slavery grace to those who are without those means. They do not come here. Those who come here are those who do not need missionaries, and we are to send them to those who will not come to our meetings. We are to send out colporteurs—not merely scatterers of tracts, but missionaries, to carry the true Gospel of Christ—the doctrine of doing to others as we would have them do to us—of loving God the Father, and giving evidence of it by showing love to His children. We have got to send missionaries to ministers, doctors of divinity and bishops. Mr. Chairman, we have a few now, but we want more. We want them to go to those who will not come to us. We need scores instead of half a dozen. Why have we not got them? Why have we not in the field all those who have a tongue to speak, and a heart to feel? It is because we have not the material means for their support.

A short time since, after urgent requests for years, I consented to take the general agency of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and I will not be a general without soldiers (applause); and my soldiers must be fed and clothed, and their families must not be left to starve—for "he that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel," and I do not mean that any of my soldiers shall be *worse* than infidel, though I expect them all to be that—and I have resolved to enlist in the anti-slavery service every man and woman who has the gift of tongues for public service, and they shall lash the waves of public sentiment into a fury such as they have never felt before, and the walls of slavery, garrisoned by Church, and State House, and Capitol, but founded on sand, shall tremble, if agitation will make them tremble; and if a fox steps upon the wall, I ask does it not tremble already? (Applause.) And therefore, Mr. Chairman, as we must have the material means, I went Southward (who would have thought it?) to Philadelphia and New York, and felt the anti-slavery pulse of those cities—much to my discouragement, if discouragement was not a word not to be used in such a case as this; and therefore I have come back to New England, to Massachusetts, for, after all—and it is not in the spirit of boasting that I say it, only in the spirit of fact—we know that Massachusetts does more even for the false Church (and the false Church, of course, is thus supported because it is taken to be the true, by the people), for the Tract, Missionary and Bible Societies, and for every benevolent enterprise, than any other State, in proportion to its population and wealth; therefore I made a mistake in going Southward, and I come back here and ask Massachusetts to set the example, and Plymouth County to set the example; and I implore the spirits of the Pilgrims to come here (they are here!) and inspire us with that love of liberty of conscience that they came here to gain for themselves and for us, if we are not bastard sons and daughters of noble sires. They came here for conscience sake, to secure liberty of conscience, and they look down with tears of blood—if angels can weep tears of blood—on their children, not possessed of liberty of conscience to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or shelter the houseless. No conscience of ours is free to extend such acts of charity and mercy to the most wretched and forlorn of God's suffering poor, except at the hazard of fine, imprisonment, and death. The Pilgrims stand here and see that we are free only to be the watch-dogs, the sentinels, of the veriest despots that ever cursed God's earth. O, Mr. Chairman, shall we suffer this? A lady friend said to me the other day, that a certain man ought to bleed for his country; are we not ready to bleed? Our fathers bled from their pockets first, and from their hearts afterward. Are we ready to bleed from our pockets to-day?

I say, Mr. Chairman, that my soldiers shall be fed and clothed, and that their families shall not be left to starve; and further, that I am resolved that every man and woman who can be of service to this cause shall be enlisted in it. I am determined to go forward, and I ask you to help me. My soldiers must have money; and money they shall have, if it can be raised in no other way, it shall be by mortgaging the little farm that I in part own. I have pledged myself to raise ten thousand dollars to carry on this work before the first of September, 1857. We ought to have one hundred thousand; but O! I am myself corrupted by the tainted atmosphere around me, and we all are, so that we have no zeal, no earnestness for this work. Ten thousand dollars will do but little. I will give one hundred dollars, and if necessary, one thousand; and if that will not do, two thousand (and I do not know but that will drain my coffers); for the missionaries must be fed, the education of the people must be going on. This year, the first after a Presidential campaign, is the best year for us to operate in, and the next will be equally good, if we do our duty in this; and when another nomination is made, we shall, if we have done our duty, see something better politically than we did two years ago.

Some may think I am speaking under the impulse of excitement, and I wish to assure you it is not so. It is after consultation, in the quiet of my home, with my husband, who volunteers to work for nothing this year, and find himself. I will give now, as I said before, one hundred dollars; and I hope this afternoon we shall raise, not a few tens, as we have usually done, but hundreds or thousands, because, as Mr. Clarke says, there is a "crisis"—because the crisis has arrived when I feel that to leave my daughter a home, to leave her even a dollar in money, when, by sacrificing that home, by expending that money, I could leave her freedom, I should be violating a trust that God has committed to my care. As home is worth nothing when it cannot shelter the fugitive whom man has cast out, as money is worth nothing without liberty to do a humane and Christian act, my husband and myself have made up our minds, after consultation and deliberation, that money shall never be lacking while we have a dollar in our pockets. I hope every one in this audience will be inspired with the spirit of the Pilgrims, with the spirit of the Revolution, and inspired with that spirit multiplied into the greater importance of this question; which transcends by far the importance of the emigration on the part of the Pilgrims, and the struggle on the part of our revolutionary fathers (loud applause).

WENDELL PHILLIPS arose, and said that he wished to second Mrs. Foster's powerful appeal to those present for increased aid to the Anti-Slavery cause. He paid a tribute, with every one who heard him must have felt was no more than a just one, to Mrs. Foster's life-long devotion to the Anti-Slavery cause, and to her commanding eloquence—eloquence not of mere words but of deeds, of her whole life. Mr. Phillips, with his accustomed force, and with his unequaled power to hold the attention of his audience, continued to speak an hour and a half. The length of his speech will prevent its publication this week. But a *verbatim* report of it may be expected at the earliest opportunity.

The third hymn was then sung, to the good old tune of *Lenox*:

"Come, friends of freedom, all."

The case of a young man (then present in the audience) who, in endeavouring to leave a railroad train, in his flight from slavery, fell in such a way that two wheels of a car passed over his right foot, mangling and crushing the bones fearfully, was presented to the audience by Mr. MAY. FRANCIS JACKSON added some remarks, confirmatory of what Mr. MAY had said. He said that this question was put to the young man: "Would you have run away from slavery, if you had known at the start, that you would have lost one of your feet?" to which he replied, "My master had offered to sell me, and I had made up my mind to run for freedom, and had I known that I should have lost *both* feet, I should have ran from slavery; I have not been long in freedom—but long enough to know, that freedom without feet, is better than slavery is with them." After these remarks, the slave passed through the audience with hat in hand, and the sum of 34 dollars was soon deposited therein for his relief.

REMARKS OF C. L. REMOND.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND next spoke, FRANCIS JACKSON being in the chair. He said that he felt that the speeches which had already been delivered had answered every purpose of the occasion, and he had no disposition to occupy the platform, but he thought it no slight honour to be invited to follow the speakers who had preceded him. In the few remarks he should offer, he desired to call their attention to a subject which had attracted considerable notice, namely, the recent decision of Chief-Justice Taney. He did this, not because he supposed his audience were not all well acquainted with this decision, but he differed in opinion with some who had commented upon and criticised that decision. He agreed in the sentiment so well expressed by Mr. Foss and Mr. PHILLIPS, that no true patriot in the United States had anything to hope for his country save in the dissolution of the American Union and the trampling under foot of the American Constitution. The decision of Judge Taney was the legitimate result of the bargain our fathers and grandfathers made with the slaveholders, by which they bartered away the rights of the coloured man. He did not agree with the opinion expressed by Mr. CLARKE, that that decision was in opposition to the letter, or spirit, or character of the American government—he believed it was in accordance with them all.

Mr. REMOND said that while Mr. JACKSON and Mr. MAY were speaking in reference to the case of the young man—a fugitive upon the platform—he felt as he had never felt before. It was but a short time since a celebration had taken place on Bunker Hill, in commemoration of the deeds of JOSEPH WARREN—a man who had declared, only about a hundred days before he died, that the natural right of every man to his freedom, and to the exclusive disposition of what he had honestly acquired by his labour, were truths which common sense had placed beyond the reach of contradiction. What, then, would have been the testimony of JOSEPH WARREN, if he could have come from his grave, and confronted the father of the Fugitive Slave law, when he was introduced by the flunkey WINTHROP to a New England audience on Bunker Hill? He believed that if the men who had invited Mr. Mason to Bunker Hill on that day had put their ears to the ground, they would have heard the bones of the patriot martyr clattering with indignation (loud applause).

It was true that the manhood and citizenship of coloured men had been denied, but what were their constitutional rights in the United States until their natural rights were secured to them? The only effect that this decision could have upon their condition was to drive them to a defence of their natural rights, and in securing these, they would secure their constitutional rights.

He (Mr. R.) could not allow this occasion to pass without reminding those present, that in the life and self-sacrificing devotion of Mrs. FOSTER was to be seen an illustration of a great truth which the sooner they should all embrace the better. As long ago as the Revolution, there was an Anti-Slavery Society in this country, but it had died out. Subsequently, many other societies and organizations had been established. Where were they now? Gone; and why? Simply because American slavery is dominant; simply because of the strength it had obtained from the Constitution and that Union to which reference had been made. He was sorry to hear his friend CLARKE say that he did not conceive the Union to be based on slavery. He (Mr. R.) wished to know on what other foundation it stood. Was there a man present who did not know that if the spirit of New England should rise to-morrow, and demand what JOSEPH WARREN demanded, the Union would not exist a day? He was surprised that his intelligent friend did not see this. The North had compromised and compromised, until their every right was gone. Why were they there to-day? Not simply because the slaves in the West Indies were emancipated, but to review the ground in our own country, and devise ways and means for the removal of the curse here. He hoped they would resolve in the language of Mr. SPRAGUE, of their own county, to "make Massachusetts a Canada to the fugitive slave." When they had done this, such men as Everett and Winthrop and Choate would be banished from our soil, and no slaveholder be allowed to pollute our State with his unholy tread.

Although a small man, Mr. R. said, he must be permitted to say that he had outgrown all feeling of degradation on account of his colour (applause). As far as true humanity, true nobility, true Democracy, true patriotism were concerned, he thought he was as tall as the whitest man who stood on New England soil, and a great deal taller than many he could mention. For himself, he should infinitely prefer to have the character that WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON will leave behind him, to that of Edward Everett, or Robert C. Winthrop, or Rufus Choate. And why? he asked. Because it cost nothing to eulogize GEORGE WASHINGTON, or to make eloquent speeches at Cambridge, but it cost a great deal to identify one's self with the black race in the United States.

In conclusion, Mr. REMOND said he did not care how soon Kansas and the other territories were admitted as slave States. He should go for slavery in Kansas as long as it was lawful, and constitutional, and patriotic, and Democratic for it to exist in the District of Columbia. To the everlasting shame of the audience before him, and of the entire North, slavery was recognised and slaves punished in the District of Columbia, by one hundred and four slave laws. Over the District of Columbia, every man and woman had jurisdiction; yet we lived on day after day in the recognition of those laws.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN made the closing speech, as follows:

REMARKS OF WM. WELLS BROWN.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN made the closing speech. His remarks were principally confined to a consideration of the different position occupied by the coloured man in this country and in England. Here the coloured man was regarded as a person to be despised everywhere, and what Judge Taney had declared officially was only what was said in nearly all the States about the coloured man, at the present day. This fact proved that we needed a more genuine anti-slavery in the land—that they needed to go into the school-houses and small meeting-houses, as they did fifteen or twenty years ago, and preach the gospel of anti-slavery.

Behind the act of emancipation for the British West Indies was the decision of Lord Mansfield, in the case of Somerset, that man could not hold property in his fellow-man. That decision not only settled the question of the right of a man to himself in Great Britain, but it prepared the way for that act of emancipation which Mr. CLARKE had read, and gave the coloured man a position, not only in England, but in the islands of the sea under British dominion. If they examined British history, they would find there that respect for the coloured man which is not found in the history of the United States. Here the coloured man was forgotten, in our history, on our monuments, or, if remembered at all, he was colonized, as in the case of the monument at Fort Griswold, where the names of the coloured soldiers are separated from the whites by six or eight inches, and a line drawn between, to indicate that they belonged to the proscribed race! In London, he had looked at Lord Nelson's monument, to commemorate the victory of Trafalgar, and there English justice had given a coloured man a place next to the great hero. A few days afterward, when at Greenwich Hospital, he saw five or six coloured men, one walking on his crutch, and covered all over with medals, one given him when he followed Wellington through Spain, another after the battle of Waterloo, and others for having been engaged in different battles. There was no negro-pew at the Hospital, but the coloured men mingled with and were treated like the rest, and he (Mr. B.) was told that there was no man in the Hospital who was held in greater respect than the old coloured soldier, who always had an honourable place on festive occasions. He attributed this gratifying state of things to the fact that slavery had been abolished, and the right of the coloured man to be free recognised in Great Britain and the West India Islands.

They could not expect to find the same feeling in this country. In order to secure it, they must labour untiringly; they must go forward with that determination to make the country anti-slavery that the slaveholders had to make it pro-slavery. Wherever the slaveholder found himself—at Plymouth Rock or at Bunker Hill—he was ready to say a word in defence of oppression; and we wanted something of that determination on the part of the friends of freedom. When Algernon Sydney was in exile, he had a beautiful horse, which Louis the Fourteenth was very anxious to secure, and, after in vain trying to induce Sydney to set a price upon the animal, he finally told him that if he would not sell the horse, he should take him. Sydney, finding that he must lose his favourite, asked permission to take farewell of him, which was granted, and he went up to him, gazed at him fondly for a few minutes, and then drew a pistol and shot him dead, saying to the French monarch, "You can have him now." That was the spirit of determination that was needed; if not to shoot the slaveholder, at least to speed the arrow of truth with all the ardour they could, and act with that determination in favour of freedom which the slaveholder and tyrant always exhibit in behalf of slavery.

He felt it to be a privilege to labour in the Anti-Slavery movement, and for the elevation of the coloured people, and he should labour until the time came when they should meet in that grove, or elsewhere, not to celebrate the Anniversary of British West India Emancipation, but to celebrate the anniversary of American emancipation—that emancipation that should set their enslaved brothers and sisters on the banks of the Potomac, the Mississippi, the Missouri, and everywhere, free. He wished that every one of them could know the feeling of the slaves upon the plains of Georgia to-day. How their hearts would leap if they only knew of this meeting, and of the words that had been spoken in their behalf! The slave longed to be free; he had in him that instinctive love of liberty which is the birthright of man, and knew that he ought to be free. They ought to labour, individually and collectively, in favour of freedom, and speak the word of truth everywhere and on every occasion. They ought to take advantage of the slaveholder wherever they could, as he took advantage of one recently while sailing on Cayuga Lake. There were some eight or ten passengers on board the steamer, and, when they went down to breakfast, one of them, whom nature and the sun had made almost as dark as himself, on seeing him take a seat at the table, called out to the servant, "Waiter, is this your usage? Do you allow black people to sit with white people?" The waiter hesitated, and seemed not to know what reply to make, and the man told him to call the captain. He (Mr. B.) wanted to turn the thing into ridicule, and by the time the captain came he had decided what to do. The captain, as he came into the cabin, said, "Who wants me?" "I do," I answered (said Mr. B.). "What do you want, sir?" "Is this your usage? Do you allow your coloured servants to sit at the table with white folks?" At this all the passengers burst into a roar of laughter. "Why," said the captain, "do you object?" "O, no," said I; "if that is the usage, I must submit." The man left the table and went off without his breakfast, and I enjoyed my coffee, I assure you (laughter and applause).

Let us be honest, said Mr. BROWN, in conclusion; let us be determined, let us act for the right, and let us be resolved that, come what may, we will speak, upon all occasions and at all times, when we can, a good word against oppression, and in favour of human rights (applause).

Mrs. FOSTER from the Finance Committee, reported to the meeting that the sum of $130 14 in cash had been collected by the Committee, and that pledges in aid of the cause had been given to the amount of $358 50. Total, $489 89.

The time for the departure of the railroad cars being near at hand, the audience united once more in singing. The fourth hymn was sung to the tune of *America*, better known as *God save the Queen*. And who, said Mr. May, will not say to-day, GOD SAVE THE QUEEN? So long as her dominions afford protection and a peaceful home to the fugitives from our Republican (!) despotism, and so long as she rules over a nation which strikes the chains from 800,000 subject slaves, I, for one, will say with all my heart, *God save the Queen!* AMEN, was shouted from every side.

After the singing, adjourned *sine die*.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., *President*.

CHARLES FOLLEN, WILLIAM C. NELL, } *Secretaries*.

FIRST OF AUGUST IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Anniversary of West India Emancipation was celebrated, in a very pleasant and appropriate manner, at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., by a Children's Convention and Pic-Nic, the call for which, signed by JOSEPH A. DUGDALE, the Children's Friend, appeared in THE STANDARD of July 11th. At 10 o'clock, a. m., the Progressive Friends' meeting-house was filled, chiefly by children, some of whom were from the State of Delaware and others from Delaware Co., Pa. The animated faces of the little girls and boys indicated the bright hopes of enjoyment with which they had come to the celebration, and the scene was an exceedingly pleasant one to look upon. JOSEPH A. DUGDALE opened the exercises with prayer, after which was sung that sweet children's hymn, beginning—

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then."

JOSEPH A. DUGDALE then addressed the children at considerable length, enforcing lessons of virtue, morality and freedom by many pertinent anecdotes.

OLIVER JOHNSON then read the following hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. THEODORE TILTON, Assistant Editor of *The Independent*; and it was sung by Mr. JOHNSON and Misses ISABELLA and ADELAIDE PARKER, of Brooklyn, New York.

THE SLAVE-MOTHER.

Lo! a woman—trembling, frail,
With a grief her tears express'd,
In the market stood, for sale,
With her first-born at her breast!
But the babe was not her own:
For the child that God had made—
Offspring of her flesh and bone—
Was a living ware of trade!

E'er she wept her sorrow calm,
Lo! her human heart was sold
For the silver, which the palm
Of a human hand could hold!
God's own image in the mart!
Ah! 'twas fragile merchandise—
Broken in the breaking heart!
Melted in the weeping eyes!

Then another wounding thorn
Pierced the heart already stung:
Lo! the sucking babe was torn
From the bosom where it clung!
Then her mother's cry was wild!
Then afresh her tears were shed!
Then she mourn'd her living child—
Living, but to her as dead!

Now the slave was doubly bound:
For beside the chain she wore,
Grief enclasp'd her soul around,
Like a fetter, ever more!
Never, tho' she quell'd her cries,
Was the broken heart made whole!
Never, tho' she hush'd her sighs,
Went the sorrow from her soul!

Ye whom human hopes or fears
Stir to gladness or to woe;
Ye who weep at others' tears,
And would wipe them when they flow;
Ye who feel another's pain,
And will hear another's plea;
Go and break the bondman's chain!
Go and set the captive free!

After a few remarks by OLIVER JOHNSON, several of the little girls united in singing "Lilly Dale;" after which, as it was nearly noon, and the house was surrounded by a multitude for whom there was no room inside, it was thought best to adjourn to John Cox's beautiful grove. There, under the shadow of noble oaks, the multitude, disposed in groups, partook of a fraternal meal, served pic-nic fashion and seasoned with cheerful conversation. This being over, the children and their friends were invited to come together for further singing and speaking; when, after singing by a company of children from Media, and others, addresses were delivered by OLIVER JOHNSON, and THOMAS GARRETT of Wilmington. Mr. Johnson gave an account of the great experiment of Emancipation in the West Indies, and Mr. Garrett gave some very interesting statements in respect to the escape of fugitive slaves.

The weather was delightful, and everything connected with the celebration passed off pleasantly. The children conducted themselves through the day with marked propriety, and nothing occurred to mar their enjoyment of a celebration designed especially for their benefit.

The day was also celebrated at Penningtonville, in the same County, where a large meeting was held in a grove, and addressed by H. FORD DOUGLASS, of Canada, and J. MILLER MCKIM. This was followed by another meeting on the following day (Sunday), at the Lyceum building, near Christiana, which was addressed by the same gentlemen. We learn that Mr. Douglass's efforts fully justified the reputation he has acquired among those who have heard him, of being one of the ablest and most promising young champions of freedom that have lately entered the field. He is, we are told, a man of rare powers, and one who will make his mark in the world.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on Solstitial desiccativeness—He mourneth over the hay—He oweth himself to be a one-horse man—He is apologieth for the same and explaineth—He telleth of Commencement and of what was'n't done—He speaketh evil of dignities—Of Mr. Wendell Phillips and his disparagement of his Alma Mater—He accounteth for the backslidings of Yale—He commendeth the F. B. K. of Harvard in the matter of heresy—He describeth the Alumni Celebration—And commendeth Mr. Everett—Also the dinner and the speeches—Especially the Lord Napier's—He maketh a transition to Toads as an article of diet—He groweth herpetologic—He describeth the Feast of Toads—In whose honour devoured—And how accepted—He describeth the First at Abington—He commendeth the Sun—And the attendance—Who presided, and who did not—Who spoke—Where Mr. Garrison was, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Aug. 3, 1857.

LET me see what I have to tell you of happenings since my last letter. Midsummer is a dry time, considered *newsically* as well as meteotrologically, though it has not been this last, for a more *catching* hay-time we have not had for years. The quantity of hay that has been spoilt before it was made is truly lamentable, and must affect prices materially next Winter. The crop has been at least double the average in these latitudes; but if it can't be got in, what's the use of it? However, the showeriness has kept the country in high beauty, and, as I have two eyes to be fed and only one horse, I don't mind it as much as I might were the proportions reversed. I am aware that this is a very rash ingenuousness on my part, as I know very well that to be "a one-horse man" is the supremest term of contempt that can be applied to any bifurcate animal in extensive regions of our common country. I have only to plead in palliation that, in those olden and more fogyish parts, it is an excusable weakness to have no more than one, and, as in the case of the worthy person murdered by Thurtell and celebrated by Theodore Hook, in the ballad which Walter Scott admired—

"They cut his throat from ear to ear,
His brains they battered in;
His name was Mr. William Weare,
He dwelt in Lyon's Inn";

as in his case, if combined with the possession of a *gig*, it is considered *prima facie* evidence of the owner being "a respectable man." So much for my one horse, who has cleverly drawn me over my first paragraph, for which I thank him.

Then we have had Commencement at Cambridge, when they *didn't* give Mr. Sumner the degree of LL.D. which everybody was expecting they would, and which made the poor fellows to whom it was administered look very little alongside the tall fellow whom the College Government tried not to see. But everybody else did, so that, as far as he was concerned, it was more of a distinction to be passed by with all the world noticing it than to be counted in among the promiscuous herd that is marked with these three capital letters. By the way, Mr. Phillips reports, as his experience of Yale College, that it is half-a-century in advance of Harvard as to freedom of thought and expression as to the living matters of the day. According to his description of many of the Commencement parts there, they must have been of a kind that would have thrown our entire Faculty into violent convulsions, and not of *laughter*, neither; and, which is worse, they were received with the loudest demonstrations of applause, notwithstanding the warning of the President to the audience to abstain from such audible demonstrations. But, then, one might expect a general dissolution of morals and depravation of manners in any literary community capable of inviting such a person to deliver an Oration before one of its learned societies. It will be long before our Academic shades will be polluted in the same way. Why, *our* Phi Beta Kappa Society persistently, and year after year, black-balled Mr. Theodore Parker, who is generally supposed to know nearly as much as the average of those composing it, because it would not have so much as the suspicion of the murrain of heresy within its fold.

The Triennial Celebration of the Alumni, which replaces every three years the Anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, was really a very interesting occasion. A very large company of graduates, of all ages, from the veteran President Quincy, of sixty-seven years' standing, down to the born of the day before, came together. Mr. Everett rested for a day from his labours of saving the Union (a task never ending and still beginning) and refreshed himself and us by a fine rhetorical Defence of Academic Learning, in its three great departments of Classics, Mathematics and Metaphysics. Profound thought or original views are not expected of this distinguished gentleman, but what he is capable of doing well he did the best he could in an elegant and scholarly exposition and illustration of the topics he had so wisely chosen. The dinner was a very lively and agreeable one. Mr. Winthrop presided well, and the speeches were generally excellent, and favourably marked by the absence of twaddle. This was possibly owing, in a good degree, to the fortunate absence of our Southern brethren, the presence of one of whom is generally the signal for the serving up of a course of toads, which are devoured with infinite relish by way of desert. This we were spared this year, and, as Lord Napier was the chief lion of the day, we made excellent amends by drinking the Queen's health with all the honours—in which I, for one, most heartily joined. Lord Napier made a very excellent and sensible speech, which well maintained the reputation for ability which has been a sort of heirloom in the Napier family from the time Sir John Napier, baron of Merchistoun, invented logarithms to the day when Sir Charles James proved himself, perhaps, the greatest general of modern times in the Conquest of Scinde.

And, talking of *toads* puts me in mind of a terrible onslaught that has lately been made on that harmless branch of the herpetologic tribe. It seems his Excellency Governor Morehead, of Kentucky, has lately made a visit to this city and vicinity, accompanied by a slaveholding party of friends. If all stories be true, and I have good reason to believe some of them are, the poor toads had a hard time of it. There was an absolute *battue* had of them, a very Massacre of the Innocents. There are serious apprehensions of the entire extinction of the race in these parts, such was the earnest desire to offer an acceptable holocaust, and to conciliate the grace of the great man by a noble competition to see who could show the keenest relish of a toad-diet. From very high places down to places which the slaveholders probably thought very low ones—however respectable and useful in themselves—this generous emulation prevailed, and there are rumours of some tolerably noted persons who ate their toads with a *sauce piquante* of their former anti-slavery professions. And you may be sure there was no lack of "complimentary flunkeyism," neither. And there are stories, which have every intrinsic evidence of being true, that the over-greediness of the toad-consumers was almost more than the well-practised nerves of the Governor and suite could stand, and that the surfeit of those that bolted the unctuous morsels was scarcely greater than that of the men to whose honour and glory they ate them. I beg you to believe that I could make this portion of my letter much more entertaining, if I were not afraid of over-stepping the line which separates private from public life.

Last Saturday the First of August was duly celebrated at the Island Grove of Abington. Always attentive to the voice of wisdom, I did not fail to comply with the injunction contained in your leader of last week on the subject, and sought out a place as nearly like what you described as I could. And this was done in faith, too, for the weather had a terribly threatening look when we set out. It was actually raining at the time, and, however fine "hillsides," and "old trees," and "still waters" and all the rest of it may be in a fine day, they are by no means so nice when diluted with rain-water and taken lukewarm. However, our faith was rewarded by a very satisfactory day indeed. It threatened very hard, to be sure, two or three times, and we thought we would have to take refuge in the Town-house, for the afternoon. But the sun came out very handsomely and joined us before we came together for the second service, and remained in attendance in the most civil manner for all the rest of the day. The lateness of his appearance, and the caprices which have marked his conduct for sometime past, deterred many persons from coming who would have been there could they have felt assured that he was to be depended upon. Still, we had a very goodly number from Boston—three or four railway carriage loads—and a very excellent sprinkling of the people from the country round about, who came by horse power. So that our assembly was altogether a very satisfactory one.

As I have described the scene several times, I will not repeat the description here. It was just the same as in former years—the same whispering pines, the same encircling waters, the same gliding boats, parties lunching under the trees or strolling about the forest-walks, while the amphitheatre of seats and the platform still formed the centre of the scene. It was very picturesque, and, I think, was never more so than this year. As I suppose you will give the Report of what was done and said, I will not anticipate the Reporter. Perhaps it would be hardly fair towards him. The Rev. Samuel May presided, I think for the first time, and so well that I, for one, shall cheerfully vote for him as his own successor on all future occasions of the kind. Your late Corresponding Editor, who I had feared was to become President for Life, was passed over on this occasion, a rebuke to his ambition which I hope will prove a wholesome lesson. I observed him on the fringes of the meeting digesting his mortification as best he might. The speakers were those indicated in the *programme* printed in your last, excepting that Miss Anna Gardner, of Nantucket, made the opening address in a very acceptable manner. Mr. Phillips made a speech marked by the usual characteristics of his diatribes. I shall make no remarks upon it, as you will have an opportunity of judging for yourselves soon. You know very well my opinion of his performances, as a general thing. It is but fair, however, to say that the crowd generally seemed to like it. Mr. Garrison was not there, as he was assisting the Hopedalesmen in their orgies. They are desperate fellows, and I dare say be found himself in congenial company.

D. Y.

LECTURE ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

GENTLEMEN: I ask the privilege, in justice to the feelings of not a few of your readers, of saying through your columns that the Lecture on "Landscape Gardening as an Art," delivered in the Progressive Friends' meeting-house at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., on Sunday afternoon last, afforded rare pleasure and edification to a numerous audience. I am sure, moreover, that it has done much good by awakening some minds to a truer appreciation of a generally neglected but highly important art. The subject was treated elementarily, in a manner well calculated to stimulate thought and inquiry, and the interesting practical remarks by which the lecture was followed, and which were offered in reply to an interrogatory from one of the audience, served to deepen the impression previously made.

OLD KENNETT.

A GENERAL ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING will be held in New Garden, Chester Co., Pa., at or near the Lyceum, commencing on Saturday, the 15th inst., at 1 o'clock, p. m., and continuing, by adjournment, through the next day. J. MILLER MCKIM, THOMAS WHITSON, and, it is expected, others from Philadelphia, will be present to take part in the proceedings.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Receipts of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society for the month of July, 1857.

Henry Laing,	$16 00	Charles Adams,	5 00
Robert Purvis,	10 00	George White,	5 00
John Hamilton,	1 00	E. C. Warrington,	1 00
Wm. S. Peirce,	10 00	C. W. Peirce,	10 00
L. C. & S. Towne,	10 00	P. Shadbury,	5 00
Joseph Fell,	1 00	H. Pennock,	15 00
A. W. Corson,	5 00	Joseph Mendenhall,	10 00
E. S. Atkinson,	1 00	Amos Pugh,	1 00
E. Harris,	5 50	Ann Sidwell,	1 00
John Warrington,	2 50	Thomas Mott,	50 00
T. Stevens,	50 00	E. French,	1 00
Thomas Garrett,	10 00	R. L. Gillingham,	1 00
Sarah Pugh,	10 00	M. Knowles,	1 00
R. B. Dunwoodie,	5 00	John R. Cavender,	10 00
S. S. Miller,	1 00	W. A. Speakman,	5 00
M. H. Newbold,	5 00	Lydia White,	5 00
Emma Newbold,	5 00	George H. Earle,	10 00
Joseph Clarke,	3 00	A Friend,	5 00
John Cox,	5 00	Jonathan Paxton,	3 00
John French,	2 00	W. Burgess,	1 00
H. Grew,	25 00	Lewis Yall,	10 00
Alfred Love,	2 50	E. W. Clarke,	25 00
E. Ellis,	1 00	H. Brosius,	4 00
K. Hayhurst,	2 00	Ann Haviam,	1 00
Anne Bassett,	5 00	Carlisle Smith,	5 00

SARAH PUGH, Treasurer.

Special Notices.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

THE undersigned again call on all interested in their cause—the cause of Freedom, so deeply important, not only to the three millions of American slaves, but to the American nation and to entire humanity—for immediate aid, by contributions of money and materials, and by purchase at the next Bazaar; to be opened in Boston,

ON THE 17TH OF DECEMBER.

Contributions of money at the present time will enable members of the Committee now in Europe to add to the attractions of the exhibition, still further, and, in consequence, to increase the funds, which are to be expended, as heretofore, by the American Anti-Slavery Society, in awakening the whole country, through its newspapers, books and various agencies, to the necessity of extinguishing

Miscellaneous Department.

THE MASTER THIEF.

A NORSE POPULAR TALE.

On a gloomy Autumn evening I sat alone with the "proprietor," to whose children I was then tutor, in his country house, about twenty miles from Christiana. Out of doors something was falling which was neither rain, nor snow, nor sleet, but a mixture of all three; and inside, in the "proprietor's" parlour, the lights burned so sluggishly that no other objects were discernible through the haze than a corner cupboard, filled with Chinese nicknacks, a great mirror in an old-fashioned gilt frame, and a hereditary tankard, the reward of one of the proprietor's ancestors for service rendered to the state. That worthy individual had nestled himself into one corner of the sofa, where he pored over the proof sheets of his pamphlet, entitled "A few Patriotic Expressions for the Country's Good; by an Anonymous Writer."

While brooding over this gold mine of his own ideas he gave birth to many sagacious thoughts, which, from time to time, with a twinkle of his gray eyes, he threw out for my edification, as I sat and tried to read in the other corner of the sofa. After awhile, warming with his theme, he poured out a host of "patriotic expressions" and opinions, worthy of all respect, but of which nothing save the pamphlet quoted above, or his great *Treatise on Tithe*, can give an adequate idea. I am ashamed to own that all this wisdom was lost upon me. I knew it all by heart, for I had heard the same story forty times at least before. I am not gifted with a patience of Indian-rubber; but what could I do? Retreat to my own room was impossible, for it had been scoured for Sunday, and was full of reek and damp. So, after some fruitless attempts to bury myself in my book, I was forced to give in, and to suffer myself to be carried along in the troubled stream of the proprietor's eloquence. Of course he dilated on questions of profound national importance, which he furbished up with all sorts of cut-and-dried figures of speech. He was now fairly on his bobby, and rose rapidly to the seventh heaven. He stood up and gesticulated; then he strode up and down, and his gray dressing-gown described streaming circles behind him, as he turned short round and limped backwards and forwards on his spindleshanks—for, like Tyrtæus, the proprietor had a strong halt. The candles flared, flickered and guttered as he passed triumphantly by the table on which they stood; and his winged words sung in my ears like humblebees when the linden trees are in bloom. Off he went on "Class Legislation" and "Judicial Reform," on "Corn Laws and Free Trade," on "Native Industry and Centralization," on the "Victorious progress of Ideas" and the "Insufficiency of our Circulating Medium," on "Bureaucracy" and the "Aristocracy of Office," till he bid fair to exhaust all the *cracies*, *archies* and *isms* that ever existed, from King Solomon to the present time.

Mortal man could hold out no longer, and I was just on the point of bursting out into a roar of laughter in the worthy proprietor's face, when peal after peal of laughter resounded from the kitchen, and came to my rescue. It was Christian the blacksmith, who had the word in that quarter of the house; and when he ceased speaking, repeated roars of mirth followed.

"I'll just go out and hear some of the smith's stories," I cried as I ran out, leaving the proprietor behind in the parlour with the dull candles and his drowsy current of thought.

"Children's prate and lying stories," growled the proprietor as I shut the door. "People of intelligence should be ashamed to listen to them; but well-meant patriotic expressions—" The rest was lost upon me.

Light, and life, and mirth streamed forth in the high and airy hall; on the hearth blazed a pile of logs, which threw a strong light into the furthest nook. In the chimney-corner sat enthroned the proprietor's housekeeper with her spinning-wheel; and though for many years she had had hard struggles with the rheumatism, and barricaded the enemy out with a multitude of undercoats and kirtles, throwing over all, as an outwork, a huge gray woollen wrapper, yet her face shone under her plated cap like the full moon. At her feet lay the proprietor's children laughing and cracking nuts; while round about sat a circle of maids and workmen's wives, who trode their spinning-wheels with busy feet, or plied the noisy carding-comb. In the entrance the threshers shook off the snow from their feet, and, stepping in with icicles in their hair, sat down at the long table, where the cook served up to them their supper—a bowl of milk and a dish of close-pressed porridge. Against the high chimney-piece leant the smith, who smoked tobacco from a short pipe, and whose face, while it showed traces of the smithy, bore an expression of dry humour, which testified that he had been telling a good story, and telling it well.

"Good afternoon, Smith," said I; "what story have you been telling which aroused so much laughter?"

"Ha, ha!" shouted the boys, "Christian has been telling us all about the 'Devil and the Smith,' and how the smith got the fiend into a hazel nut; and now he's going to tell us about the Master Thief, and how he won the Squire's daughter."

"Well, don't let me stop the story, Smith," I replied, only too glad to escape for awhile from the proprietor with his 'Patriotic Expressions,' his 'Corn Laws and Free Trade,' his 'Circulating Mediums and Bureaucracies,' and to refresh myself with hearing one of those old national tales, told in a simple childish way by one of the people.

So, after one or two long-drawn puffs, the smith began.

THE MASTER THIEF.

Once upon a time there was a poor cottager who had three sons. He had nothing to leave them when he died, and no money with which to put them to any trade, so that he did not know what to make of them. At last he said he would give them leave to take to anything each liked best, and to go whithersoever they pleased, and he would go with them a bit of the way; and so he did. He went with them till they came to a place where three roads met, and there each of them chose a road, and their father bade them good-bye, and went back home. I have never heard tell what became of the two elder; but as for the youngest, he went both far and long, as you shall hear.

So it fell out one night, as he was going through a great wood, that such bad weather overtook him. It blew and drizzled so that he could scarce keep his eyes open; and in a trice, before he knew how it was, he got bewildered, and could not find either road or path. But as he went on and on, at last he saw a glimmering of light far, far off in the wood. So he thought he would try and get to the light; and after a time he did reach it. There it was in a large house, and the fire was blazing so brightly inside that he could tell the folk had not yet gone to bed; so he went in and saw an old dame bustling about and minding the house.

"Good evening," said the youth.

"Good evening," said the old dame.

"Hutetu! it's such foul weather out of doors to-night," said he.

"So it is," said she.

"Can I get leave to have a bed and shelter here to-night?" asked the youth.

"You'll get no good by sleeping here," said the old dame; for if the folk come home and find you here, they'll kill both me and you.

"What sort of folk, then, are they who live here?" asked the youth.

"Oh, robbers! And such a bad lot of them too," said the old dame. "They stole me away when I was little, and have kept me as their housekeeper ever since."

"Well, for all that, I think I'll just go to bed," said the youth. "Come what may, I'll not stir out at night in such weather."

"Very well," said the old dame; "but if you stay, it will be the worse for you."

With that the youth got into a bed which stood there, but he dared not go to sleep, and very soon after in came the robbers; so the old dame told them how a stranger fellow had come in whom she had not been able to get out of the house again.

"Did you see if he had any money?" said the robbers.

"Such a one as he money!" said the old dame, "the tramper! Why, if he had clothes to his back, it was as much as he had."

Then the robbers began to talk among themselves what they should do with him; if they should kill him outright, or what else they should do. Meantime the youth got up and began to talk to them, and to ask if they did not want a servant, for it might be that he would be glad to enter into their service.

"Oh," said they, "if you have a mind to follow the trade that we follow, you can very well get a place here."

"It's all one to me what trade I follow," said the youth; "for when I left home, father gave me leave to take to any trade I chose."

"Well, have you a mind to steal?" asked the robbers.

"I don't care," said the youth, for he thought it would not take long to learn that trade.

Now, there lived a man a little way off who had three oxen. One of these he was to take to the town to sell, and the robbers had heard what he was going to do, so they said to the youth that if he were good to steal the ox from the man by the way without his knowing it, and without doing him any harm, they would give him leave to be their serving man.

Well! the youth set off, and took with him a pretty shoe with a silver buckle on it, which lay about the house; and he put the shoe in the road along which the man was going with his ox; and when he had done that, he went into the wood and hid himself under a bush. So when the man came by he saw the shoe at once.

"That's a nice shoe," said he. "If I only had the fellow to it, I'd take it home with me, and perhaps I'd put my old dame into a good humour for once." For you must know that he had an old wife, so cross and snappish that it was not long between each time that she boxed his ears. But then he bethought him that he could do nothing with the odd shoe unless he had the fellow to it; so he went on his way and let the shoe lie on the road.

Then the youth took up the shoe, and made all the haste he could to get before the man by a short cut through the wood, and laid it down before him in the road again. When the man came along with his ox, he got quite angry with himself for being so stupid as to leave the fellow to the shoe lying in the road instead of taking it with him; so he tied the ox to the fence, and said to himself, "I may just as well run back and pick up the other, and then I'll have a pair of good shoes for my old dame, and so, perhaps, I'll get a kind word from her for once."

So he set off, and hunted up and down for the shoe, but no shoe did he find; and at length he had to go back with the one he had. But, meanwhile, the youth had taken the ox and gone off with it; and when the man came and saw that his ox was gone, he began to cry and bewail, for he was afraid that his dame would kill him outright when she came to know that the ox was lost. But just then it came across his mind that he would go home and take the second ox, and drive it to the town, and not let the old dame know anything about the matter. So he did this, and went home and took the ox without his dame's knowing it, and set off with it to the town. But the robbers knew all about it, and they said to the youth, if he could get this ox too, without the old man's knowing it, and without his doing him any harm, he should be as good as any of them. If that were all, the youth said, he did not think it a very hard thing.

This time he took with him a rope, and hung himself up under the arm-pits to a tree right in the man's way. So the man came along with his ox, and when he saw such a sight hanging there he began to feel a little queer.

"Well," said he, "whatever heavy thoughts you had who have hanged yourself up there, it can't be helped; you may hang for what I care! I can't breathe life into you again"; and with that he went on his way with his ox. Down slipped the youth from the tree, and ran by a footpath, and got before the man, and hung himself up right in his way again.

"Bless me!" said the man, "were you really so heavy at heart that you hanged yourself up there—or is it only a piece of witchcraft that I see before me? Ay, ye! you may for all I care, whether you are a ghost or whatever you are." So he passed on with his ox.

Now the youth did just as he had done twice before; he jumped down from the tree, ran through the wood by a footpath, and hung himself up right in the man's way again. But when the man saw this sight for the third time, he said to himself:

"Well! this is an ugly business! Is it likely now that they should have been so heavy at heart as to hang themselves, all these three? No! I cannot think that it is anything else than a piece of witchcraft that I see. But now I'll soon know for certain; if the other two are still hanging there, it must be really so; but if they are not, then it can be nothing but witchcraft that I see."

So he tied up his ox, and ran back to see if the others were still really hanging there. But while he went and peered up into all the trees, the youth jumped down and took his ox and ran off with it. When the man came back and found his ox gone, he was in a sad plight, and, as any one might know without being told, he began to cry and bemoan; but at last he came to take it easier, and so he thought—

"There's no other help for it than to go home and take the third ox without my dame's knowing it, and to try and drive a good bargain with it, so that I may get a good sum of money for it."

So he went home and set off with the ox, and his old dame knew never a word about the matter. But the robbers, they knew all about it, and they said to the youth that, if he could steal this ox as he had stolen the other two, then he should be master over the whole band. Well, the youth set off and ran into the wood; and as the man came by with his ox he set up a dreadful bellowing, just like a great ox in the wood. When the man heard that, you can't think how glad he was, for it seemed to him that he knew the voice of his big bullock, and he thought that now he should find both of them again; so he tied up the third ox, and ran off from the road to look for them in the wood; but meantime the youth went off with the third ox. Now, when the man came back and found he had lost this ox too, he was so wild that there was no end to his grief. He cried, and roared, and beat his breast, and, to tell the truth, it was many days before he dared return home; for he was afraid lest his old dame should kill him outright on the spot.

As for the robbers, they were not very well-pleased either, when they had to own that the youth was master over the whole band. So one day they thought they would try their hands at something which he was not man enough to do; and they set off altogether, every man Jack of them, and left him alone at home. Now, the first thing that he did when they were all clear of the house, was to drive the oxen out to the road, so that they might run back to the man from whom he had stolen them; and right glad was he to see them, as you may fancy. Next he took all the horses which the robbers had, and loaded them with the best things he could lay his hands on—gold and silver, and clothes and other fine things; and then he bade the old dame to greet the robbers, when they came back, and to thank them for him, and to say that now he was setting out on his travels; and that they would have hard work to find him again; and with that off he started.

After a good bit he came to the road along which he was going when he fell among the robbers; and when he got near home, and could see his father's cottage, he put on a uniform which he had found among the clothes he had taken from the robbers, and which was made just like a general's. So he drove up to the door as if he were any other great man. After that he went in and asked if he could have a lodging? No; that he could n't at any price.

"How ever should I be able," said the man, "to make room in my house for such a fine gentleman—I who scarce have a rag to lie upon, and miserable rags too?"

"You were always a stingy old hunks," said the youth, "and so you are still, when you won't take your own son in."

"What, you my son!" said the man.

"Don't you know me again?" said the youth. Well, after a little while, he did know him again.

"But what have you been turning your hand to, that you have made yourself so great a man in such a haste?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'll soon tell you," said the youth. "You said I might take to any trade I chose, and so I bound myself apprentice to some thieves and robbers, and now I've served my time out, and am become a Master Thief."

Now there lived a Squire close by to his father's cottage, and he had such a great house, and such heaps of money, that he could not tell how much he had. He had a daughter, too, and a smart and pretty girl she was. So the Master Thief set his heart upon having her to wife; and he told his father to go to the Squire and ask for his daughter for him.

"If he asks by what trade I get my living, you can say I am a Master Thief."

"I think you've lost your wits," said the man, "for you can't be in your right mind when you think of such nonsense."

No! he had not lost his wits; his father must and should go up to the Squire's and ask for his daughter.

"Nay, but I tell you, I dare n't go to the Squire and be your spokesman; he who is so rich, and has so much money," said the man.

Yes, there was no help for it, said the Master Thief; he should go whether he would or no; and if he did not go by fair means, he would soon make him go by foul. But the man was still loth to go; so he stepped after him, and rubbed him down with a good birch cudgel, and kept on till the man came crying and sobbing inside the Squire's door.

How now, my man? What ails you? said the Squire.

So he told him the whole story; how he had three sons who set off one day, and how he had given them leave to go whithersoever they would, and to follow whatever calling they chose. "And here now is the youngest come home, and has beaten me till he has made me come to you and ask your daughter for him to wife; and he bid me say, besides, that he is a Master Thief." And so he fell to crying and sobbing again.

"Never mind," my man, said the Squire laughing; "just go back and tell him from me that he must prove his skill first. If he can steal the roast from the spit in the kitchen on Sunday, while all the household are looking after it, he shall have my daughter. Just go and tell him that.

So he went back and told the youth, who thought it would be an easy job. So he set about and caught three hares alive, and put them into a bag, and dressed himself in some old rags, until he looked so poor and filthy that it made one's heart bleed to see; and then he sneaked into the passage at the back-door of the Squire's house on the Sunday afternoon, with his bag, just like any other beggar-boy. But the Squire himself and all his household were in the kitchen watching the roast. Just as they were doing this, the youth let one hare go, and it set off and ran round and round the yard in front of the house.

"Oh, just look at that hare!" said the folk in the kitchen, and were all for running out to catch it.

Yes, the Squire saw it running too. "Oh, let it run," said he; "there's no use in thinking to catch a hare by running after it."

A little while after, the youth let the second hare go, and they saw it in the kitchen, and thought it was the same they had seen before, and still wanted to run and catch it; but the Squire said again it was no use. It was not long before the youth let the third hare go, and it set off and ran round and round the yard as the others before it. Now, they saw it from the kitchen, and still thought it was the same hare that kept on running about, and were all eager to be out after it.

"Well, it is a fine hare," said the Squire; "come, let's see if we can't lay our hands on it."

So out he ran, and the rest with him—away they all went, the hare before, and they after; so that it was rare fun to see. But meantime the youth took the roast and ran off with it; and where the Squire got a roast for his dinner that day I don't know; but one thing I know, and that is, that he had no roast hare, though he ran after it till he was both warm and weary.

Now it chanced that the Priest came to dinner that day, and when the Squire told him what a trick the Master Thief had played him, he made such game of him that there was no end to it.

"For my part," said the Priest, "I don't think how it could ever happen to me to be made such a fool of by a fellow like that."

"Very well—only keep a sharp look out," said the Squire; "maybe he'll come to see you before you know a word of it." But the priest stuck to his text—that he did, and made game of the Squire because he had been taken in.

Later in the afternoon came the Master Thief, and wanted to have the Squire's daughter, as he had given his word. But the Squire began to talk him over, and said, "Oh, you must first prove your skill a little more; for what you did to-day was no great thing after all. Could n't you now play off a good trick on the priest, who is sitting in there, and making game of me for letting such a fellow as you twist me round his thumb?"

"Well, as for that it would n't be hard," said the Master Thief. So he dressed himself up like a bird, threw a great white sheet over his body, took the wings of a goose and tied them to his back, and so climbed up into a great maple which stood in the Priest's garden. And when the Priest came home in the evening, the youth began to bawl out—

"Father Laurence! Father Laurence!"—for that was the Priest's name.

"Who is that calling me?" said the Priest.

"I am an angel," said the Master Thief, "sent from God to let you know that you shall be taken up alive into heaven for your piety's sake. Next Monday you must hold yourself ready for the journey, for I shall come then to fetch you in a sack; and all your gold and your silver and all that you have of this world's goods, you must lay together in a heap in your dining-room."

Well, father Laurence fell on his knees before the angel, and thanked him; and the very next day he preached a farewell sermon, and expounded how there had come down an angel into the big maple in his garden, who had told him that he was to be taken up alive into heaven for his piety's sake; and he preached and made such a touching discourse, that all who were at church wept, both young and old.

So the Monday after came the Master Thief like an angel again, and the Priest fell on his knees and thanked him before he was put into the sack; but when he had got him well in, the Master Thief drew and dragged him over stocks and stones.

"Ow! ow! groaned the Priest inside the sack, "wherever are we going!"

"This is the narrow way which leadeth unto the kingdom of heaven," said the Master thief, who went on dragging him along till he had nearly broken every bone in his body. At last he tumbled him into a goose-house that belonged to the Squire, and the geese began pecking and pinching him with their bills, so that he was more dead than alive.

Now you are in the flames of purgatory, to be cleansed and purified for life everlasting," said the Master Thief; and with that he went his way, and took all the gold and silver, and all the fine things which the Priest had laid together in his dining-room. The next morning, when the goose-girl came to let the geese out, she heard how the Priest lay in the sack and bemoaned himself in the goose-house.

"In heaven's name, who's there, and what ails you?" she cried. "Oh!" said the Priest, "if you are an angel from heaven, do let me out, and let me return again to earth, for it is worse here than in hell. The little fiends keep pinching me with tongs."

"God help us, I am no angel at all," said the girl as she helped the Priest out of the sack; I only look after the Squire's geese, and like enough they are the little fiends which have been pinching your reverence."

"Oh!" groaned the Priest, "this is all that Master Thief's doings. Ah! my gold and silver, and my fine clothes." And he beat his breast, and hobbled home at such a rate that the girl thought he had lost his wits all at once.

Now, when the Squire came to hear how it had gone with the Priest, and how he had been along the narrow way, and into purgatory, he laughed till he well nigh split his sides. But when the Master Thief came and asked for his daughter, as he had promised, the Squire put him off again, and said:

"You must do one masterpiece better still, that I may see plainly what you are fit for. Now I have twelve horses in my stable, and on them I will put twelve grooms, one on each. If you are so good a thief as to steal the horses from under them, I'll see what I can do for you."

"Very well, I dare say I can do it," said the Master Thief; "but shall I really have your daughter if I can?"

"Yes, if you can, I'll do my best for you," said the Squire.

So the Master Thief set off to a shop, and bought brandy enough to fill two pocket-flasks, and into one of them he put a sleepy drink, but into the other only brandy. After that he hired eleven men to lie in wait at night, behind the Squire's stableyard; and last of all, for fair words and a good bit of money, he borrowed a ragged gown and cloak from an old woman; and so, with a staff in his hand and a bundle at his back, he limped off, as evening drew on, towards the Squire's stable. Just as he got there they were watering the horses for the night, and had their hands full of work.

"What the devil do you want?" said one of the grooms to the old woman.

"Oh, oh! hutetu! it is so bitter cold," said she, and shivered, and shook, and made wry faces. "Hutetu! it is so cold, a poor wretch may easily freeze to death;" and with that she fell to shivering and shaking again.

"Oh! for the love of heaven, can I get leave to stay here awhile, and sit inside the stable-door?"

"To the devil with your leave," said one. "Pack yourself off this minute, for if the Squire sets his eyes on you he'll lead us to a pretty dance."

"Oh! the poor old bag-of-bones," said another, who seemed to take pity on her, "the old bag may sit inside and welcome; such a one as she can do no harm."

And the rest said, some she should stay, and some she should n't; but while they were quarrelling and minding the horses, she crept further and further into the stable, till at last she sat herself down behind the door; and when she had got so far, no one gave any more heed to her.

As the night wore on, the men found it rather cold work to sit so still and quiet on horseback.

"Hutetu! it is so devilish cold," said one, and beat his arms crosswise.

"That it is," said another, "I freeze so, that my teeth chatter."

"If one only had a quid to chew," said a third.

Well! there was one who had an ounce or two; so they shared it between them, though it wasn't much, after all, that each got; and so they chewed and spat, and spat and chewed. This helped them somewhat; but in a little while they were just as bad as ever.

"Hutetu!" said one, and shivered and shook.

"Hutetu!" said the old woman, and shivered so that every tooth in her head chattered. Then she pulled out the flask with brandy in it, and her hand shook so that the spirit splashed about in the flask, and then she took such a gulph, that it went "bop" in her throat.

"What is that you have got in your flask, old girl?" said one of the grooms.

"Oh! it's only a drop of brandy, old man," said she.

"Brandy! Well, I never! Do let me have a drop," screamed the whole twelve, one after another.

"Oh! but it is such a little drop," mumbled the old woman, "it will not even wet your mouths round." But they must and would have it; there was no help for it; and so she pulled out the flask with the sleeping drink in it, and put it to the first man's lips; then she shook no more, but guided the flask so that each of them got what he wanted, and the twelfth had not done drinking before the first sat and snored. Then the Master Thief threw off his beggar's rags, and took one groom after the other so softly off their horses, and set them astride on the beams between the stalls; and so he called his eleven men, and rode off with the Squire's twelve horses.

But when the Squire got up in the morning and went to look after his grooms, they had just begun to come to; and some of them fell to spurring the beams with their spurs, till the splinters flew again, and some fell off, and some still hung on and sat there looking like fools.

"Ho! ho!" said the Squire; "I see very well who has been here; but as for you, a pretty set of blockheads you must be to sit here and let the Master Thief steal the horses from between your legs."

So they all got a good leathering because they had not kept a sharper look-out.

Further on in the day came the Master Thief again, and told how he had managed the matter, and asked for the Squire's daughter, as he had promised; but the Squire gave him one hundred dollars down, and said he must do something better still.

"Do you think now," said he, "you can steal the horse from under me while I am out riding on his back?"

"O, yes, I dare say I could," said the Master Thief, "if I were really sure of getting your daughter."

Well, well, the Squire would see what he could do; and he told the Master Thief a day when he would be taking a ride on a great common where they drilled the troops. So the Master Thief soon got hold of an old worn-out jade of a mare, and set to work, and made traces and collar of withies and broom-twigs, and bought an old beggarly cart and a great cask. After that he said to an old beggar woman, that he would give her ten dollars if she would get in the cask, and keep her mouth agape over the taphole, into which he was going to stick his finger. No harm should happen to her; she should only be driven about a little; and if he took his finger out more than once, she was to have ten dollars more. Then he threw a few rags and tatters over himself and stuffed himself out and put on a wig and a great beard of goat's hair, so that no one could know him again, and set off for the common, where the Squire had already been riding about a good bit. When he reached the place, he went along so softly and slowly that he scarce made an inch of way. Gee up! gee up! and so he went on a little; then he stood stock still, and so on a little again; and altogether the pace was so miserable that it never once came into the Squire's head that this could be the Master Thief.

At last the Squire rode right up to him and asked if he had seen any one lurking about in the wood thereabouts.

"No," said the man, "I haven't seen a soul."

"Harkye, now," said the Squire, "if you have a mind to ride into the wood, and hunt about and see if you can fall upon any one lurking about there, you shall have the loan of my horse and a shilling into the bargain, to drink my health, for your pains."

"I don't see how I can go," said the man, "for I am going to a wedding with this cask of mead, which I have been to town to fetch, and here the tap has fallen out by the way, and so I must go along, holding my finger in the taphole."

"Ride off," said the Squire; "I'll look after your horse and cask."

Well, on these terms, the man was willing to go; but he begged the Squire to be quick in putting his finger into the taphole when he took his own out, and to mind and keep it there till he came back. Yes, the Squire would do the best he could; and so the Master Thief mounted the horse and rode off. But time went by, and hour after hour passed, and still no one came back. At last the Squire grew weary of standing there with his finger in the taphole, so he took it out.

"Now I shall have ten dollars more!" screamed the old woman inside the cask; and then the Squire saw at once how the land lay, and took himself off home; but he had not gone far before they met him with a fresh horse, for the Master Thief had already been to his house and told them to send one.

The day after he came to the Squire and would have his daughter as he had given his word; but the Squire put him off again with fine words, and gave him two hundred dollars, and said he must do one more masterpiece. If he could do that, he should have her. Well, well, the Master Thief thought he could do it, if he only knew what it was to be.

"Do you think, now," said the Squire, "you can steal the sheet off our bed and the shift off my wife's back? Do you think you can do that?"

"It shall be done," said the Master Thief. "I only wish I was as sure of getting your daughter."

So when night began to fall, the Master Thief went out and cut down a thief who hung on the gallows, and threw him across his shoulders and carried him off. Then he got a long ladder and set it up against the squire's bedroom window, and so climbed up, and kept bobbing the dead man up and down, just for all the world like one who was peeping in at the window.

"That's the Master Thief, old lass!" said the Squire, and gave his wife a nudge on the side. "Now see if I don't shoot him, that's all."

So saying he took up a rifle which he had laid at his bedside.

"No! no! pray don't shoot him after telling him he might come and try," said his wife.

"Don't talk to me, for shoot I will," said he; and so he lay there and aimed and aimed; but as soon as the head came up before the window, and he saw a little of it, so soon was it down again. At last he thought he had a good aim; "bang" went the gun, down fell the dead body to the ground with a heavy bump, and down went the Master Thief too as fast as he could.

"Well," said the Squire, "it is quite true that I am the chief magistrate in these parts; but people are fond of talking, and it would be a bore if they came to see this dead man's body. I think the best thing to be done is that I should go down and bury him."

"Yo must do as you think best, dear," said his wife. So the Squire got out of bed and went down stairs, and he had scarce put his foot out of the door before the Master Thief stole in, and went straight up stairs to his wife."

"Why, dear, back already!" said she, for she thought it was her husband.

"Oh yes, I only just put him into a hole, and threw a little earth over him. It is enough that he is out of sight, for it is such a bad night out of doors; by and by I'll do it better. But just let me have the sheet to wipe myself with—he was so bloody—and I have made myself in such a mess with him."

So he got the sheet.

After awhile he said—

"Do you know I am afraid you must let me have your night-shift too, for the sheet won't do by itself that I can see."

So she gave him the shift also. But just then it came across his mind that he had forgotten to lock the house-door, so he must step down and look to that before he came back to bed, and away he went with both shift and sheet.

A little while after came the right Squire.

"Why! what a time you've taken to lock the door!" said his wife; "and what have you done with the sheet and shift?"

"What do you say?" said the Squire.

"Why, I'm asking you what you have done with the sheet and shift that you had to wipe off the blood," said she.

"What, in the devil's name?" said the Squire, "has he taken me in this time too?"

Next day came the Master Thief and asked for the Squire's daughter, as he had promised; and then the Squire dare not do anything else than give her to him, and a good lump of money into the bargain; for to tell the truth, he was afraid lest the Master Thief should steal the eyes out of his head, and that the people would begin to say spiteful things of him if he broke his word. So the Master Thief lived well and happily from that time forward. I don't know whether he stole any more, but if he did, I am quite sure it was only for the sake of a bit of fun.

A CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

From The London Times, July 9.

Certainly knowledge is increased in our days. We shall probably in the next year or two learn more of the Celestial Empire and its inhabitants than has been told by the travellers of Europe from the first timid adventurers who brought home tales of distant Cathay to the missionaries and consuls of our own time. A very pretty sketch of modern Chinese civilization is given in the "Further Papers relating to the Proceedings of Her Majesty's Naval Forces at Canton." From these it will be seen what is the nature of the instruction by which men attain to office in the classic land of examinations and promotions by merit, and also how far they are endowed with that peaceable spirit and that calm discriminating justice with which the imagination of a party at home has invested them. On the 4th of April Commodore the Hon. C. J. Elliot captured some junks on the San-on coast, opposite Hong Kong. In one of these was discovered a correspondence, which has been faithfully translated, and is now laid before the British public. It is the correspondence of Chan-tze-tin, the younger brother of Chan-kwei-tsih, President or Chief of the Committee of Hostility in San-on. The latter, we are told, is a graduate of the degree of Doctor; while Chan-tze-tin is "a graduate and the pupil of Su-ting-kwei, a member of the Han Lin College, one of the most important of the Canton gentry, and apparently the channel of communication between these brothers and the Governor-General Yek." It would appear that to Chan-tze-tin, the younger of these brothers, was committed the prosecution of an irregular war against us, and, indeed, against all Europeans whatever. The graduate posted his men with some skill. He distributed his pickets so as to prevent any communication between Cooloon, a town on the peninsula, opposite Hong Kong, and San-on, which is situate on the Canton River, near the mouth. But the Committee of Hostility did not confine itself to defensive measures. "The correspondence establishes beyond doubt that the San-on Committee, under authority, and in some cases at the dictation of the Canton Central Committee, have been parties to almost every atrocity" by which the English have been attacked or threatened. To this Committee, acting under the sanction and, perhaps, under the order of the Governor Yek, may be traced, if not the great junk attack which was in preparation, at least plots for more than one minor expedition, and for the destruction of Victoria by fire and its inhabitants by poison. But their great achievement has been their patronage of individual assassination. Most of the correspondence of Chan-tze-tin refers to the various schemes for cutting off English stragglers, or of rewarding the successful "braves" who might have obtained the head of a "foreign devil."

Evidently the long inaction of the British forces has inspired Yeh and his subordinates with the highest confidence in themselves. Of late the Committees have ceased their active operations against us, and this is supposed to result from an expectation that, being perfectly exhausted, we are about to treat for peace. But at the beginning of the present year the San-on gentry were in full activity. On the 21st of January the younger brother writes to the elder that "the barbarians are in very great perplexity, that a proclamation is issued every day, and three sets of regulations come out two days. . . . A flour bakery had poisoned several English devils, and been closed; upward of forty people imprisoned in consequence." Encouraged by these signs of calamity, Chan-tze-tin urged on his preparations, which he details in the next letter. "The ten braves from Kin-ton have arrived," he writes to the President of the Committee of Hostility, "and the English barbarians fire guns at intervals during the night to keep up their spirits. . . . In every devil hong is stationed a guard of devil soldiers; at sunset they make ready their cannon with great care. . . . . The police devils (or green-coated devils) in bands of eighteen patrol, and when they come to a dangerous place they form up into large bodies, and fire before they venture to proceed." He then, after some other matters, relates how the "braves" had seized a man "named Wong-tai-musk, dressed in devil clothes and boots, with a devil fowling-piece in his hand, and speaking the devil language fluently." This person, on protesting he was not a "traitorous Chinese," was held to bail. In a few days the Committee is quite ready to act. Chan-tze-tin reports not only that the English are frightened, but that the American devils, seeing how things stand, had gone off. The system of this Celestial guerilla was to seize any Englishmen or Anglo-Chinese he could find, and make each party believe they had been betrayed and murdered by the other. "I have this day enlisted ten braves," he writes, "without the knowledge of any man, and to-morrow shall get a boat for the undertaking." What follows is of particular importance: "The other body of men who are to be put on rations when the attempt shall have succeeded, are people of the place (Hong Kong or Cooloon). . . . Yesterday," he continues, "our braves seized eleven rebellious barbarians, and have handed them up to the Committee. I was delighted to hear this; it is really a fine thing. If we manage thus the English rebels and the local vagabonds will not be able to bear one another, and each party will get to suspect the other to the advantage of the main issue." After these communications we have a most interesting letter from Chan-kwei-tsih in answer. It is somewhat mysterious, both from its allusions to matters of which we know nothing and from the defects of the translation. But the first sentence states that a certain Chan-tsik had been directed by the head Committee at Canton to go to Cooloon, and that he had got a number of men together to fire Victoria. "I fear, however," says the Doctor, "that he was not up to the task." Then follows an allusion to the head-money payable to "braves" who should slaughter an Englishman. "Tse-tung-shan came in from Canton to the Committee this morning, after breakfast, with 30 gilt mandarin buttons and 1,000 dollars, weighing 690 taels; that is to pay the 300 dollars for the lorcha, and the 30 taels for every devil's head." The President seems to expect that his brother will find this tariff too low, for he adds, in the style of Mark lane, "Postscript.—The price of devils' heads has been reduced this year."

Chan-tze-tin continues his letters, in which he predicts with great glee, the approaching submission of the English. We are, he thinks, in utter extremity. Devil soldiers are obliged to act as watchmen. The seamen devils act as devil soldiers. In the streets there is little business doing. Then comes a passage which shows that even in the San-on district they form shrewd guesses as to what party spirit in England is capable of doing. "It is said that the barbarian merchants of all nations have deputed some one to England to denounce the English devil Governor." In his next letter the writer declares that our Malay soldiers are miserable wretches, unfit for service, and relates that the police say the English will have one fight more, and, if worsted, will then sue for peace. By February 21 we see the head-money system in full operation. We may say at once that it is thought that these "braves" either murdered Portuguese, or else dug up corpses and cut off the heads, for no member of the English or American communities was missed. But Man-hing gives an explicit account of the number of heads received and paid for. Now, Man-hing must be believed, for he behaved very well to us in revealing the nefarious schemes of his uncle Mantapshin, "a gentleman, the author of an unsuccessful project to burn or blow up the city of Victoria." Man-hing writes to the Committee with which he was at first connected, that they "are only giving 30 taels for devils taken, whether dead or alive; for a devil's head they will probably give $30, but I am not sure. The San-on Committee (consequently) do not now much prize devils' heads. . . . If you, my uncle, wish the braves of your camp to set about this service of taking devils's heads, it would be well that you told them plainly what they will get; or you need not expect to have any if it will not pay. My uncle, Chan-kwei-tsih and Tsefung are much pleased with the proposition to destroy houses." Whether the nephew did not find that getting devils' heads would pay, or whether his courage failed him, certain it is that he revealed the plot on which he had corresponded with his uncle, and thus saved Victoria from destruction.

CARLYLE UPON THE OPERA.

The frivolities of the Opera have met with rebuke from a very unexpected quarter. The terrible pen of Thomas Carlyle scores their denunciation (in *The Dumfries Album*) in such words as these:

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments across the cloudy elements into the eternal Sea of Light when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations—all nations that can still listen to the mandates of nature—have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man. Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in old Hebrew times; and, if you look how it is now, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens! from a psalm of Asaph to a seat in the London Opera in the Haymarket—what a road have men travelled! The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and fact, and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and fact, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her. Fact, nevertheless it is; forgotten and fallen, ridiculous as it may be. . . . . To 'sing the praise of God;' that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of chaos, what shall we say of him? David, King of Judah, a soul inspired with divine music, and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he, with seer's eye and heart, discerned the godlike amid the human, struck tones that were an echo of the sphere harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand able still to read a psalm of David and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries, feeling far off in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it, attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it was once sung. Then go to the opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what men now sing. Of the Haymarket Opera, my account, in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding, at discretion: a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commandeth the slaves of the lamp—a hall as if fitted up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery and the outlay of human capital could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing; some of them even geniuses in their craft. . . . All of them had aptitudes, perhaps, of a distinguished kind, and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous, whirling and spinning there in strange, mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees, as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort of mad, restlessly jumping, and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with open blade, and stand still in the devil's name! A truly notable notion—marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it; motion peculiar to the opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult ever taught a female in this world. . . . Alas! and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances, and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of music and rhythm, vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing. Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought and gl